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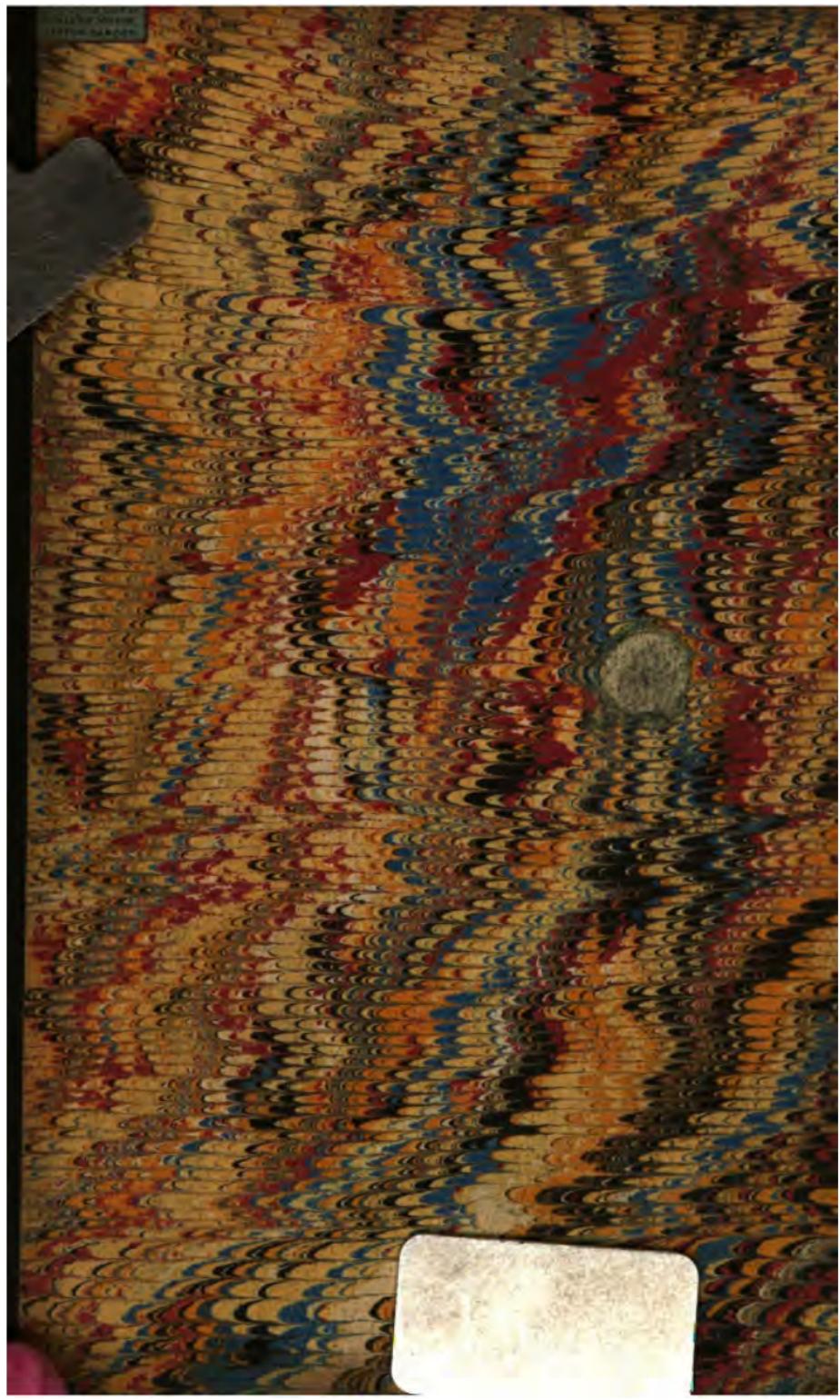
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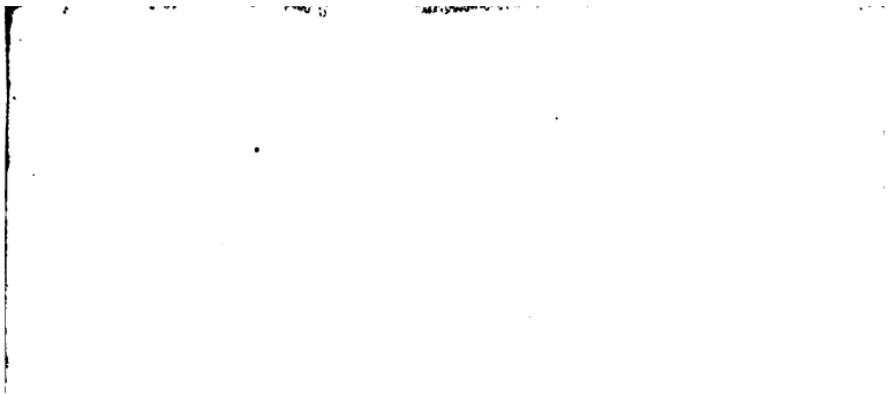


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DANGAN CASTLE IN 1840, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

C A M P A I G N S

OF

ARTHUR

DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

ETC. ETC.

ABRIDGED FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

(WITH CONSENT OF THE PROPRIETOR.)

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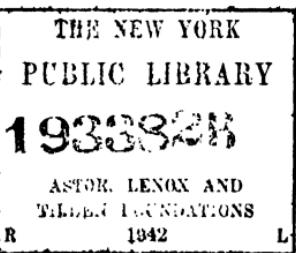
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1840.







STRATHFIELD SAYE.

LIFE OF ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PART I.

THE Cowley family, afterwards called Colley, migrated from Rutlandshire into Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII. A younger son of that family took the name and arms of Wesley, or Wellesley, in the early part of the last century, pursuant to the will of a kinsman. Richard Colley Wellesley, who thus changed his name, was created Baron Mornington by George II. His son, Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, married, in 1759, Anne, the eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and died in 1784, leaving a numerous family and an embarrassed estate: but he left also an admirable widow, to whose wise

economy and personal instruction her children were deeply indebted. Arthur, the fourth son, was born May 1st, 1769, at Dengan Castle, the seat of his ancestors. He was a little while at Eton, whence, while yet very young, he was removed to the military academy at Angers in France, there being, at that time, no such institution in England. It has been said, that at the age of twelve or fourteen, he held an ensign's commission,—such things were common before that real and unostentatious reform which has been effected under the Duke of York's administration, and which has made the British army what all Europe now acknowledges it to be. Other accounts, however, affirm that he did not receive his first commission (in the 41st regiment) till he was in his eighteenth year. After a series of exchanges and promotions, his brother, the present Marquis Wellesley, purchased for him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment; September 30th, 1793. In the ensuing year, he accompanied Lord Moira to Ostend, and, in the subsequent disastrous retreat from Holland, conducted himself in a manner which obtained much praise from military men. In 1795, he embarked for the West Indies; but the fleet was repeatedly driven back by tempests: before it could proceed, the destination of his regiment was altered, and he was ordered to Ireland to recruit.

Lord Mornington being appointed Governor-General of India in 1797, a fair field was opened for his brother, Colonel Wellesley, in that country, whither his regiment was now ordered. When the new governor arrived to succeed Sir John Shore, he found Tippoo Sultan making at the same time the most solemn professions of friendship to the English, and the most extensive preparations for a war of extermination against them. The English in India have never had a more formidable enemy than Hyder Ali, never so inveterate a one as his son. Both would, in any station, have been remarkable men. The son was equally cruel, more ferocious, though far inferior in ability; and his zeal for Mahomedanism and hatred of the English amounted almost to madness. He imagined himself the chosen servant of the prophet Mahomed, destined to root out the Nazarenes, as he called all Eu-

ropeans, from India, and, in his own language, send those accursed ones to hell. This was to be effected by the aid of the French, whom he suffered to establish a Jacobin club in his capital, where eternal hatred was sworn to all kings, with the exception of Citizen Tippoo ; when they had done his work, Citizen Tippoo proposed to send them to hell also for their reward. His dreams (for "I My Majesty," as he calls himself, kept an account of his dreams) represented to him the consummation of these hopes ; and that he might see more vividly than in imagination, his heart's desire upon his enemies, he had a piece of mechanism constructed, which represented a tiger in the act of destroying an European ; the figures were as large as life, and when the works were set in motion, the human automaton raised its hands as if in supplication, and uttered dreadful screams. Tippoo had a turban for this holy war, which had been dipt in the well of Zemzem, thereby acquiring a sanctity which he hoped, and perhaps believed, would render it impenetrable ; and when he sate upon his throne, it was under the splendid form of the humma,—a fabulous bird, which is supposed to confer prosperity and empire upon him over whose head it casts the shadow of its wings.

While this strange tyrant was forming alliances with the Mahrattas, with the French in the Isle of France, with Zemaun Shah in Candahar, and with Buonaparte in Egypt, Lord Mornington* obtained full information of all his measures, and prevented their execution, with that vigour which characterized his administration in India. One battle only was fought, before Tippoo retired within the walls of his capital. It was at the village of Mal-lavelly : Major-General Floyd commanded ; Colonel Wellesley distinguished himself greatly, as also did Colonel Cotton, who was destined to be his companion in so many fields of glory. At the subsequent siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley had the difficult service of driving in the enemy, from the strong ground which afforded cover for their rocket men ; and upon its capture,

* Since raised to the dignity of the Marquisate, by the title of Marquis Wellesley, for his eminent services as Governor-General of India.

he was appointed governor, and named as one of the commissioners, who were to dispose of the conquered territories. To him in particular the arrangements for removing the family of the fallen Sultan were committed. "The details of this painful but indispensable measure," said Lord Mornington in his instructions, "cannot be intrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion, than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, activity, and humanity, the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the commission." In this, and in all the arduous duties of his government, Colonel Wellesley so acted as to justify his brother's choice, and to deserve and obtain the gratitude of the conquered people. During his command at Seringapatam, one of those adventurers started up, who have so often subverted empires and founded dynasties in the east. Dhoondiah Waugh was the name of this freebooter; he soon made himself formidable, and it was necessary to send a force against him, under Colonel Wellesley. By a rapid movement he intercepted Dhoondiah on his march with about 5000 horse; Colonel Wellesley had four regiments with him, whom he was obliged to form in one line, in order, as nearly as might be, to equal that of the enemy in length; they charged the enemy with complete success, routed them, dispersed them, and killed their leader; thus effectually completing the service upon which they had been sent.

Lord Mornington, upon the true policy of thinking nothing done while aught remained to be performed, now planned an expedition against Batavia, in which his brother was to have acted under General Baird. His object was to expel the French from the Indian Seas; and for this purpose he meditated also the conquest of the Isles of France and Bourbon. These plans were frustrated, partly, it is said, because Admiral Rainier made some demur as to the extent of the Governor-General's power,—as if such questions should have arisen when great objects of national policy were to be undertaken! General Baird was called off with his disposable force to

Egypt; and Colonel Wellesley, who had so narrowly escaped exposure to the fatal climate of the West, was thus saved from the dangers of a region even more destructive than the East. It had been intended that he should accompany the troops to Egypt; but Lord Mornington perceived that a new scene of danger was opening in India, and therefore remanded him to his command at Seringapatam; from which he was soon after recalled, in order to conduct the war in another part of India, against the Mahrattas, who, under the command of Holkar, a man of low birth, but who, by his talents and intrigues, had contrived to gain such an influence among his countrymen, as enabled him to dethrone his sovereign, and to become one of the most formidable enemies to the British influence in India, with which we have ever had to encounter.

When war had been declared against us by this chieftain, it became a question who was to take the command of the forces destined to act against him. A man of political judgment, no less than political skill, was of course what was required; and the government therefore thought it could not be confided with so much likelihood of advantage to any person as to Major-General Wellesley, because of his local knowledge, and his personal influence among the Mahrattas—an influence acquired during his command at Mysore, and his military operations against Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs. The detachment consisted of 9700 men, including one regiment of European horse and two of foot; and to these were added 2500 Mysore cavalry; the resources of Mysore being now brought in aid of the British government, which, before Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been so often endangered by the restless hostility of that formidable power.

General Wellesley performed a long march through the Mahratta territory, at a most unfavourable season, without loss or distress: so well had he concerted the supply and movement of his troops. Here also he manifested that talent which was afterwards so signally displayed in France; in the midst of an enemy's country he maintained such perfect discipline, and succeeded so entirely in preventing all plunder and excess, that the inhabitants, wherever he came, regarded him as their pro-

tector and preserver. At Akloos, he formed a junction with the Nizam's subsidiary force under Colonel Stevenson; but learning that Holkar had left Poonah, where Amrut Rao (father of the puppet whom the usurper had placed upon the throne) remained with about 1500 men, he thought it unnecessary to advance with the whole of his force through an exhausted country; especially as it was now, more than ever, needful that he should accelerate his march.

The history of this memorable campaign, which, in all its parts, was as ably executed as it was wisely planned, belongs to the life of Marquis Wellesley rather than to his brother; but the Duke of Wellington may look back with pride upon the part which he performed in it. The great danger of Indian warfare is that of not being able to bring the enemy to action. Hyder Ali well knew the advantages of this Parthian mode. An English commander, weary of pursuing him, once wrote a letter to that able general, saying how disgraceful it was for a prince like him, at the head of a large army, to fly before so small a force. Hyder replied, "Give me the same sort of troops that you command, and your wish for battle shall be gratified. You will understand my mode of war in time. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost 1000 rupees each horse, against your cannon balls that cost two pice? No; I will march your troops till their legs shall become the size of their bodies. You shall not have a blade of grass nor a drop of water. I shall hear of you every time your drum beats, but you shall not know where I am once a month. I will give your army battle, but it must be when I please, and not when you desire it." Hyder kept his word. Scindiah's army seemed disposed to act upon this policy when General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson marched against him; the former had about 9000 men in his division, the latter about 8000. The combined force of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar consisted of 10,500 regular infantry, commanded by French officers, under M. Perron (besides irregular foot), a well-equipped train of artillery, exceeding 100 guns, and between 30 and 40,000 horse. It was of the utmost importance to bring their main force to action. When, therefore, the two British corps met on the 21st of Sep-

tember, at Badnapoor, General Wellesley determined that they should move separately towards the enemy, and attack them on the morning of the 24th. He took the eastern route, beginning his march on the 22d. On the 23d, when he reached Naulnair, he found that the enemy were about six miles off, upon the very ground on which he himself had intended to encamp. He determined to attack them, without waiting for Colonel Stevenson; it was better, he thought, to bring them to action with half the army, than let them avoid an attack—which they would probably do if he delayed. Moreover, he could not wait for the junction, without being himself exposed to that mode of harassing war which barbarous troops are best employed in waging, and which European soldiers can least endure—a warfare which, affording to the defensive party little other stimulus than that of perpetual alarm, wears down the spirits as well as the body. In these circumstances the boldest counsel was the best; and Charles XII. did not act more boldly at Narva, nor with more signal success.

The troops had already marched fourteen miles; a sufficient body was left for the protection of the baggage and stores, the rest hastened on, and came in sight of the enemy at one in the afternoon. The confederate army was encamped between the Kaitna and the Juah, two rivers which run nearly parallel toward the point of their junction. Their line extended east and west along the north bank of the Kaitna; the banks of which, being high and rocky, are not passable for guns, except at places close to the villages. Their right consisted entirely of cavalry, and extended to the infantry, which were encamped near Assye, a fortified village that has given name to the battle. General Wellesley determined to attack the left, where the guns and infantry were posted, though he had arrived in front of their right; an attack upon the vital part of their force he rightly thought would be decisive. He passed the Kaitna at a ford beyond their left flank, and formed his infantry in two lines, leaving the cavalry as a reserve in a third. The enemy perceiving his intention, changed the position of their infantry and guns, and brought them to bear upon the

assailants with consummate skill and terrible effect. Officers who had made several campaigns on the continent, declared that they had never seen cannon better served than at Assye that day. The British artillery had opened, at a distance of four hundred yards; General Wellesley saw that it could produce little effect against the formidable line opposed to it, and that it could not advance, because so many men and bullocks were disabled. Never was promptitude more required, and never was it more strikingly displayed, than throughout the whole of this day's work. He gave orders to leave the guns, and for the whole line to move; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, with the British horse, being instructed to protect the right:—the 74th regiment in this wing had suffered so much from the enemy's cannon, that a body of Mahratta cavalry ventured to charge it; Colonel Maxwell charged them in return, and drove them with great slaughter into the Juah. The enemy now, dismayed at the steady advance of the British troops, gave way on all sides; they were driven from their guns; and the British army, pressing on in pursuit, left the artillery, which they had thus bravely taken, behind them. They were not enough in number to secure advantages as they won them: and, perhaps, in the heat and exultation of victory, they did not recollect that it is a common practice among Indian troops to feign death in the hope of escaping it; with this hope many of the Mahrattas threw themselves down among the guns, the conquerors passed them by, and they seeing that another hope flashed upon them, rose and turned the guns upon the victorious army. The fugitives, perceiving how marvellous a change was thus effected in their favour, rallied, and the battle was to be fought again. Colonel Maxwell charged their infantry, broke them again, but fell. General Wellesley with the 78th, and a regiment of native cavalry, once more attacked the formidable artillery, which had already made such havoc among his men; his horse was shot under him, but the second attack proved as irresistible as the first, and the field, with all the spoil, was again his own—no more to be contested.

The loss of the conquerors was severe beyond all former example in India, a full third of the victorious army being

killed or wounded. Never was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline



have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference ; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy were as ten to one : they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force ; they had an hundred pieces of cannon which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet. Never was victory more bravely achieved, or more complete ; stores, ammunition, camp equipage, bullocks, and camels, standards and cannon, were left upon the field ; 1200 dead were counted there, and the country round was strewed with the wounded. It produced proposals from the enemy ; one of Scindiah's ministers wrote to request that General Wellesley would send a British officer to his master's camp for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace. England has never in her Indian wars been fooled by treaties,

out of what she has gained by the sword. The general, having none to control him, was left to pursue the straightforward policy of an active spirit and a commanding mind. He refused to treat upon these propositions, because, as the request was not made directly on the authority of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, they might afterwards have disavowed the act of their minister; and because it would appear, if a British officer were sent to the enemy's camp, that the British were soliciting peace, instead of granting it to a beaten enemy. He declared himself, however, ready to receive with all respect, in the British camp, any person duly authorized to propose terms. It soon became obvious, that the Mahrattas were temporizing, and he lost no time in prosecuting his success. After totally destroying Scindiah's Persian cavalry, and defeating the greater part of the Berar infantry on the plains of Argaum, he stormed the hill fort of Gawalgor, and compelled the rajah to purchase a separate peace by ceding the provinces of Antack and Balesore; and a fortnight afterwards Scindiah, in like manner, submitted to such terms as the British general thought proper to dictate. The other parts of this marvellous campaign belong not to our subject. Suffice it to say, that M. Perron retired before General Lake, without venturing to give him battle; and his reputation received a shock from which he was unable to recover; the fort of Ally Ghur, which was his usual residence and grand dépôt, and which, to any native power, was impregnable, was taken by storm. The victorious English entered the city of Shah Jeehan and of Aurungzebe, to deliver their blind and oppressed descendant from degradation and bondage. The capture of Agra put them in possession of the city of the Great Akbar, and the fort, which has emphatically been called the key of Hindostan; and the battle of Leswaree completed the defeat of the enemy, and the destruction of the French force, M. Perron and his officers soliciting the British protection, because, when their power was overthrown, "they found themselves just objects of indignation in the country which they had governed." General Wellesley, for his part in this memorable campaign, received the first-fruits of those honours of which

he was one day to reap so abundant a harvest. A monument in memory of the battle of Assye was erected at Calcutta : the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword ; his own officers with a golden vase : in England, the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. The people of Seringapatam presented to him an address on his return, which, to one who felt himself deserving of the feelings which it expressed, must be as gratifying as the proudest distinctions. They had reposed for five years, they said, under the shadow of his protection : they had felt, during his absence in the midst of battles and victory, that his care for their welfare had been extended to them as amply as if no other object had occupied his mind : they were preparing thanksgivings and sacrifices to the preserving God who had brought him back in safety, and they implored the God of all nations, to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs should call him from them, for his health, his glory, and his happiness.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he must now be called) returned to England in 1805, and commanded a brigade in the army under Lord Cathcart, which, having landed on the continent, speedily re-embarked in consequence of the battle of Austerlitz. He was now, upon the death of Marquis Cornwallis, made colonel of the 38th regiment, in which he had served as lieutenant-colonel thirteen years. In 1806 he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford. In 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland, under the Duke of Richmond, and Dublin is indebted to him for a police. In the summer of this year the expedition sailed against Copenhagen, and Sir Arthur again accompanied Lord Cathcart. The justice or injustice of that measure was then vehemently debated : men fall into the violence of party-questions as they do into the absurdities of fashion, and, in like manner, wonder at them when their season is gone by. Time, which buries so many things in darkness, brings others to light ; the disposition of the Danish government has since been so completely tried and proved, as effectually to jus-

tify the preventive policy of Great Britain ; and the English ministers will be censured hereafter, not for having done so much, but for not having done more—for their forbearance, not for their vigour. Only one action of any importance took place, and in that Sir Arthur commanded. Four battalions of the Danes were strongly posted on the banks of a stream, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body in reserve at some distance beyond Kioge, the little town in front of which the rivulet runs. It was agreed that the Swedish General Linsingen should ascend the bank higher up and turn the left flank of the Danes, while Sir Arthur attacked them in the front. The two corps lost all communication with each other on the march ; and Sir Arthur, when he came in sight of the enemy, without waiting for the junction, attacked them, drove them from a position into a strong entrenchment, from that entrenchment into the town, pursued them into the town, routed and dispersed them. The action deprived the Governor of Copenhagen of all hope of relief from the army, and accelerated the capitulation. Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to treat : in diplomacy and in war he pursued the same prompt system, and the terms were discussed, settled, and signed the same night.

He was soon to be tried in more arduous undertakings. By the peace of Tilsit, Buonaparte was left master of the continent of Europe, the greatest part being actually in his possession, and the rest under his control. He possessed a more real and absolute authority over Germany than the most powerful of her emperors had ever been able to obtain. Switzerland, which had in former times so gloriously asserted her independence, submitted to call him her Protector, received with obedience his oppressive and barbarizing edicts, and supplied men to fill up the enormous consumption of his wars. Holding France, Flanders, and Italy himself, he had established one brother upon the throne of Naples, made a second King of Holland, and erected a kingdom in Germany for a third, with territories taken indiscriminately from his foes and his friends. His sister's husband, Murat, possessed a principality, with the title of Grand Duke of Berg ; Eugene Beauharnois, his wife's son, was married into the house of

Bavaria, and ruled Italy as his viceroy; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, would, upon the next vacancy, be placed as pope, at the head of the Roman Catholic church. Never had any adventurer, in an enlightened age and civilized world, built up such a fortune for himself and his family, and his followers. Like the hero of a Spanish romance, he portioned out kingdoms, and principalities, and dukedomes, from his conquests, among his companions in arms; and we read of Dukes of Istria, and Dalmatia, and Ragusa, and Dantzic among the new nobility of France. His reputation, political as well as military, was at the highest pitch; he had achieved more than Louis XIV. had attempted, and exerted a wider authority than Charlemagne had claimed; while the world, dazzled by the splendour of his successes, was but too ready to forget or to forgive his crimes. If ever man might have been satisfied with dominion and with renown, it was Napoleon Buonaparte; but it is with ambition of this kind as it is with avarice, "increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

Spain had long been the submissive ally of France. The Spanish government was thoroughly corrupt in all its parts;—head, body, and members were alike diseased; the profligacy of the court exceeded all former example, it spread like a contagion wherever the influence of that court extended, and affected all the branches of administration. But the great mass of the people retained the old national character and the old national spirit with little change, and with little or no decay; and in spite of its vile government, and viler superstition, Spain had been rapidly advancing, before the French revolution broke out like a volcano in the midst of civilized society. That spirit of improvement which seemed to characterise the age, was felt even here where improvements of every kind penetrate so slowly. Arts, sciences, and literature had revived; agricultural societies were formed, commerce was flourishing; the very Inquisition, though it retained its vigilance, had abated its ferocity. But the war in which she engaged against the French Republic, exposed the imbecility of her councils, and the wretched state of her resources. It was terminated by a disgraceful peace, for which the most despicable minister that ever managed

the affairs of this ill-fated kingdom was rewarded with the title of prince. That peace necessarily led to hostilities with England, an evil which of all others the Spaniards deprecate the most. Peace with England and war with all the rest of the world, is a political proverb among them. Their commerce received a dreadful shock ; and their naval power, which Charles III. had left more formidable than it had ever been since the time of that which they called the Invincible Armada, was destroyed in Buonaparte's service : the finances became daily more and more embarrassed ; public credit was at the lowest ebb, and the treasures from the colonies, which arrived under cover of the Portuguese flag, were extorted by France, her rapacious and insatiable ally. The burthen of such an alliance became at length too galling and too heavy to be endured ; and even Charles IV. and Godoy, the weakest of monarchs and the basest of favourites, began to devise means for ridding themselves of the yoke. This disposition they made known to Prussia, when that power was preparing for its first struggle with Buonaparte. No sooner was the Prussian war declared, than Godoy issued a proclamation calling upon the people not to be dismayed at their situation, for they possessed great resources, and their government was about to make a powerful armament. This act of folly gave rise to a strong remonstrance from the French ambassador ; the battle of Jena terrified Charles and his miserable favourite ; and Buonaparte, who discovered at Berlin their correspondence with the Prussian court, seemed to content himself with having thus expressed his displeasure. Had he marched an army into Spain for the avowed purpose of dethroning the Bourbons upon this quarrel, he would certainly not have provoked the same kind of opposition, as that upon which he afterwards wrecked his power and his reputation. His conduct then would have been in the allowed course of open, authorized war. It would neither have insulted the understanding of the Spaniards, nor outraged their moral sense : he would have encountered a regular military resistance from a weak, disorganized, and disorderly army, not that moral resistance which is invincible ; he would have contended with the car-

cass of a rotten government, not the spirit and soul of a nation.

Addicted as the tyrant was to the wanton and ferocious exercise of power, it might have been thought that, being determined upon dethroning the Spanish Bourbons, his pride and his passions would have directed him in the straight course. But as the old Roman emperors, when palled with ordinary excesses, had recourse to monstrous inventions in vice ; so Buonaparte seems as if he had been weary of the high-ways of ambition. It was not enough to destroy, he would first enjoy the pleasure of deceiving. As he rivalled the Roman Cæsar in military renown, so would he show himself equal to Cæsar Borgia in the crooked artifices of Italian policy. To be the greatest general, the greatest emperor, the greatest conqueror, was nothing unless he proved himself more consummate in treachery, more audacious in usurpation, than all his predecessors. He might have commenced hostilities upon Spain without exciting one additional feeling of indignation against him ; but he chose to go through a series of treaties and intrigues, of fraud and falsehood, the basest artifice, and the most outrageous tyranny. Tyrants and persecutors delight in insulting as well as in oppressing and vilifying mankind.

He began his machinations by calling upon Spain to supply him with troops, in virtue of that offensive and defensive alliance which Godoy had concluded with the Directory : by these means he withdrew from the country the flower of her armies under the Marquis de Romana, and to make sure of them he sent the greater part into Denmark. The political drama of which the destruction of the Spanish Bourbons and of the house of Braganza, the reigning family of Portugal, was to form the catastrophe, was crowded with intrigues. A secret treaty was made with Charles IV. for partitioning Portugal, which, small as it is, was to be divided into three kingdoms, one for the Prince of the Peace, one for the Queen of Etruria, in exchange for one of his short-lived kingdoms which Buonaparte had created, and now took to himself; the third was to remain in his hands to be disposed of as might hereafter seem good, or be exchanged with Spain

for her Pyrenean provinces. While the treaty for despoiling the Prince of Brazil was negotiating, Buonaparte negotiated with him also, and required him to renounce his old alliance with Great Britain, seize all the British subjects, and confiscate the British property in Portugal. The Prince knowing the helpless state of his country, consented to every sacrifice except that of his honour and conscience: he gave the English notice to depart and withdraw their property, and then submitted to obey the orders, and to be included in the continental system of the universal tyrant. Regardless of this, a French army advanced by forced marches to seize him in his capital; being apprised in time of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, he made his determination known to the British squadron, embarked with all his family from Belem, and departing from the very spot whence Gama had embarked for the discovery of India, and Cabral for that voyage in which Brazil was discovered, he removed the seat of the Portuguese government to its rising empire in South America. The French, commanded by Junot, entered Portugal without declaration, cause, pretext, or pretence of war: it was proclaimed that they came as friends and allies, and the last orders of the Prince were that they should be received as such: this he thought the only means of preventing them from treating his kingdom as a conquered country. As such, however, it was treated, and a contribution was imposed equivalent to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half upon the whole population! The treaties of Fontainebleau were now laid aside,—their use was over, except as documents for history and proofs of the folly of the Spanish court and the duplicity of Buonaparte. The kingdoms of Algarve and of Northern Lusitania obtained neither name nor existence, beyond the delusive acts by which they were created; and the Prince of Peace soon found himself in a situation, which gave him more reason to dream of a scaffold than of a throne.

The Prince of Asturias hated his father's favourite: a party had collected round him, consisting of men who, during Godoy's ascendancy, were excluded from power, and for that reason discontented with the government. Of these men there were some who had no thought of

political reform, no love for liberty, no respect for the old venerable institutions of their country which had so long been trampled under foot; they had grown up in despotism, and the iron had entered into their souls; but they would fain have been themselves the ministers of that despotism, and they saw the iniquity of Godoy's acts, because they were the acts of a rival and an enemy. Others among them had imbibed the principles of the French revolution with all the ardour of inexperienced youth; but the little knowledge which they possessed had been acquired from pestilent sources; they studied the writings of the French philosophers with more avidity, because such books were obtained with difficulty, and could not be possessed without danger; they were to them as stolen water and bread eaten in secret. Beginning thus in a detestation of the tyranny, a contempt for the superstition, and an abhorrence of the intolerance of their own degraded country, in flying from one train of evils they fell into another. The false philosophy of the French school soon destroyed the virtuous feelings which had made way for it; and they, who in the first unpolluted impulses of a noble nature, would have sacrificed themselves for the deliverance of their country and the good of mankind, were at length fitted, by a selfish, sensual, atheistical philosophy, to be the supple slaves of the foulest usurpation.—With or without principle, they followed the fashion of the French government through all its changes,—constitutionists with La Fayette and Lally Tollendal, republicans with Brissot and Condorcet, levellers with Robespierre, and finally, worshippers of the Emperor Napoleon. A few there were of a better stamp, who, without any comprehensive views of reform, would yet have removed some of those abuses which tended to weaken the government as much as they aggrieved the people. Their hatred of Godoy was a bond of union. Some of them, perhaps, may have apprehended that, sooner or later, Buonaparte would depose the reigning family, and may have thought the only way to avert this danger, was by connecting it with his own; certainly they saw that no change could be made in Spain, without his concurrence; and that if this were gained, they might disgrace the favourite and

govern in his stead. Under the influence of these counsellors, Ferdinand wrote to Buonaparte to solicit a princess of his family in marriage. The affair of the Escorial followed, with all those scandalous proceedings which reflect equal disgrace upon all who were concerned in them. The father and the son, alike imbecile, but not culpable alike, both appealed to Buonaparte; and he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing these dotterels flutter with fear before they run into the net. Already under various pretexts, he had filled the Peninsula with his troops,—it was to take possession of Portugal, to defend the southern coast against the English, to besiege Gibraltar, and to invade Morocco; for even this project was talked of, and perhaps intended as the next step after the conquest of Spain. It would be out of place here to pursue the detail of the treacherous seizure of St. Sebastian, Pampluna, Figueiras, and Barcelona, the insurrection at Aranjuez, the occupation of Madrid by Murat, and the betrayal of the whole royal family.

Thus did the Spanish Bourbons pay the price of their alliance with a faithless nation, and a perfidious tyrant. The resources of Spain had long been so entirely at Buonaparte's disposal, that if the country had acquiesced in this usurpation, it would have produced only a nominal difference as far as other powers were concerned. In this light England might have regarded it: it mattered not to her whether Charles or Joseph acted as Buonaparte's deputy in Madrid; but upon the Spanish colonies the effect might be most important; and as great Britain had obtained some knowledge of the state and disposition of those colonies, an expedition was prepared against part of Spanish America, and Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed to the command. The troops were collected at Cork; but before they could set sail, the events of the second of May (1808) altered their destination, and changed the fate of Europe. On that day the people of Madrid, exasperated alike at the treachery by which their prince had been kidnapped, and the insolence with which a foreign tyrant pretended to set a foreigner and an upstart over them, rose against Murat's army. The immediate result was what drivellers and cowards would have predicted,—the

defeat and massacre of the insurgents ; but the effects were fully answerable to the hopes of the most heroic spirits that were stirring in that day's work. Never had the blood of martyrdom been more profusely shed, never did that holy seed produce a more abundant harvest. The



people were mown down by grape shot in the streets ; they were bayoneted in their houses ; and when the slaughter of the contest and of the pursuit had ceased, a military tribunal was erected to continue the butchery with the forms of insulted justice. During many succeeding days, groups of thirty and forty at a time were led to the Prado, the Puerto del Sol, the Puerta de S. Vicente, the church of N. Senora de la Soledad,—all the most public places of Madrid,—and there shot in the presence of their townsmen, their friends, their wives, their parents, and their children ! Had there been any virtue in Ferdinand, any sense of the true honour and true interests of Spain, it is to Naples against Murat, and not to Buenos Ayres, that his armies would have been sent. Woe to those princes and to those nations by whom such

offences are forgiven or overlooked! It is worthy of notice at this time (1815), that the ruffian who presided at this military tribunal, and directed these wholesale murders, was General Grouchy, Buonaparte's newly-created marshal, his fit instrument, and faithful servant.

The impulse of this movement at Madrid was felt like an electric shock throughout the whole Peninsula. The Spaniards and Portuguese rose simultaneously against their oppressors. Without a government, without a leader, without armies, without concert, they rose against the most formidable military power which had ever yet existed: a power perfectly organised, with all its means in readiness, which held the government and the capital of both kingdoms in its hand, occupied their fortresses, and was in actual possession of both countries. There existed but one nation to which they could look for help. Portugal was bound to England by ties of intimate and most friendly intercourse, almost coeval with her existence as a kingdom. The Spaniards were at war with us; but they also knew the English character, and called upon England as the natural and sure ally of men engaging in so just and sacred a cause. "Never, indeed," says the eloquent Wordsworth, "was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt,—never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed, than when the British and Spanish nations, with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons, and, reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and enmities, and mutually embraced each other, to solemnize this conversion of love, not by the festivities of peace, but by combating, side by side, through danger, and under affliction, in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood." The feelings of the British people were forcibly appealed to, and they were universally excited. The war, which had hitherto been carried on firmly indeed, but almost without object, or prospect, however distant, of its termination, assumed at once a new character. We no longer looked merely to self-defence, thinking only how we might ward the blow when it should please the enemy to strike; we no longer reasoned upon the practicability of his invading Ireland or England, and threw up works

and erected fortifications upon our own shores: this sullen and cheerless state was exchanged for action and enterprise, for ardour and enthusiasm, for hope and for joy: heroic hope, and joy strengthened by every good principle, and ennobled by every generous feeling. At length a national resistance had been roused against this iron tyranny! At length the cry of liberty had gone forth! Young men, understood now, by their own emotions, how their fathers had been affected in the morning of the French Revolution; and they who, having seen the hopes of that season blasted, were fallen in spirit as well as in age into "the sere—the yellow leaf," felt as though a second spring had been vouchsafed them. Even that party spirit which is the bane of the British councils and the opprobrium of the British name, even that was for a time suspended; and the general cry was that the most speedy and the most vigorous measures should be taken for assisting the Spaniards and Portuguese in the struggle which they had so gloriously commenced.

The expedition at Cork being ready, Sir Arthur Wellesley was ordered to sail for Corunna, to communicate there with the Junta of Galicia, and act as circumstances might direct him. General Spencer, from Gibraltar, would be instructed to join him, and further reinforcements sent after him, as fast as they could be fitted out. Accordingly Sir Arthur set sail, and on the 20th July arrived at Corunna, where he found tidings of the recent defeat which Cuesta and Blake had sustained at Medina del Rio Seco. It was such a reverse as was to be expected in the outset of such a war. The men, without orders, had marched against the enemy as soon as they heard of their approach, the officers followed the impulse of the men, and the General endeavoured to direct the rash impatience, which he did not attempt to restrain, being in reality neither able to control, nor competent to guide it. The Spaniards were necessarily defeated by an enemy little if at all inferior in number, strong in cavalry, and acting in a flat country; but they displayed great courage, as well as ardour; and Blake, in covering their retreat, gave a promise of military talent from which much was expected. The French used their victory cruelly, and

committed the most atrocious excesses afterwards. They were commanded by Lasalle, an officer who had been trained to atrocious deeds in the Egyptian school. It was this man whose division fell in with sixteen stragglers of Sir John Hope's army, and deliberately cut them down; an exploit of which Buonaparte boasted in his bulletins. This disaster had not in the slightest degree dispirited the Galicians: when the English offered their assistance, they assured Sir Arthur that they were in no need of men, and that his army could no where be so usefully employed as in acting against Junot, and clearing Portugal of the enemy. They represented the enemy's force as not exceeding 15,000 men, and said that the Portuguese had already assembled an army of 10,000 at Porto.

To Porto the expedition proceeded; and Sir Arthur, after a conference with the bishop, leaving the transports, went on to confer with Admiral Cotton off the Tagus. It was impossible to effect a landing there: the bar, the fortresses, and the Russian squadron in the river would have rendered the attempt too dangerous, even if it had not been to be made in the face of a superior foe. Peniche was occupied by the enemy, and there was no nearer point at which a disembarkation could be effected than the Mondego; that point therefore was chosen, and Sir Arthur, having sent instructions to General Spencer to join him there, met his transports there on the 30th. There he received despatches from home, informing him that reinforcements of 5000 men under General Ludlow were on their way, and that 10,000 more would speedily be sent under Sir John Moore. This general was his superior officer; but the command in chief would be vested in Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was to come from Gibraltar, and Sir Harry Burrard was to be second in command. There was, however, yet time for him to strike the blow before they should arrive to supersede him; and nothing could be more prosperous than the news from Spain: the French squadron at Cadiz had been taken possession of by the Spaniards, and Dupont, with his whole army, made prisoners in Andalusia. Buonaparte had never before received such a blow: the loss of men, indeed, was easily reparable; but the reputation of his armies was wounded,

the invincibles had been put to shame, the spell which palsied the nations was broken ; another such catastrophe might stir up the north of Europe to imitate the glorious example of the Peninsula, and what was to preserve Junot from the fate of Dupont ? With this prospect, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been joined by General Spencer, began his march from Coimbra towards Lisbon.

The disposition of the Portuguese was excellent. The events of their insurrection against the French were little known at the time, and have not yet been detailed in any language except their own. It was a general and simultaneous movement of the people, which, under all circumstances, Sir Arthur Wellesley thought even more



extraordinary than that for which the Spaniards deserved and obtained universal sympathy and admiration ; it was

made against far greater disadvantages ; and while the British were on the coast, an enemy's detachment was ravaging Alemtejo under General Loison, a man who, in an army infamous for its excesses, was distinguished for his love of plunder and of blood. On the 29th of July he sacked the city of Evora, and, in the carnage which ensued, the clergy were marked out as the especial objects of vengeance, and hunted like wild beasts. Wherever he went, his soldiers were let loose to burn, to pillage, and to destroy ; but these cruelties served to repress the people only while he was present, and left them more eager and more insatiate for vengeance. This spirit was so general, and such precautions were taken by the governors of Coimbra and Pombal, that the French for a long time obtained little information concerning the British troops. At the first rumour, however, Loison hastened from Alemtejo, and crossing the river, took a position between Thomar and Santarem ; and Laborde, who had the reputation of being the best general in that army, with Generals Thomieres and Brennier under him, entered Alcobaça with a strong detachment, and pushed his advanced posts as far as Aljubarrota. The enemy was perfectly well acquainted with the country ; in these points they were always as well informed, as we, till of late, were ignorant. They fell back as the English advanced, and took post upon the heights of Rolissa, a village about two leagues south of Obidos, remarkable as the first ground whereon the British and French were opposed to each other in the Peninsular war. Laborde had about 5,000 men ; Loison, with an equal force, was expected to join him on the evening of the 17th. Sir Arthur Wellesley was informed of this, and made his attack in the morning. The enemy had chosen his ground well ; it consisted of narrow passes and strong heights. Dispositions were made for turning his left by a column of 1200 Portuguese, and his right by Major-General Ferguson, who had also to watch the motions of Loison ; but the main attack was made boldly upon the front and strength of the position, where the principal column, under cover of some olive and cork trees, was enabled to approach and *deploy* without much loss. The way was up ravines, made by the rains, in some places

overgrown with shrubs, in others impeded with crags, and hitherto only thought practicable for goats. The middle pass appeared the least difficult, and here the assailants suffered their severest loss : for near the top of this pass there was a small opening in the form of a wedge, which, at the point nearest the English, was overgrown with myrtle, arbutus, and those other shrubs which render the wildernesses of this part of Portugal so beautiful. Here the French posted an ambush of riflemen, and here Colonel Lake led his regiment, instead of sending forward to explore the ground as the pass opened : the French let half the regiment enter, and then fired upon them when they were in close column. Colonel Lake fell ; a severe loss was sustained ; but the men pushed forward and won the pass. Here the 29th and 9th regiments found themselves for a considerable time unsupported, and the enemy charged them thrice with great resolution, but were as often repulsed. The skill of the French was, indeed, as clearly proved that day as their inferiority to the British soldiers in those moments when every thing depends upon native courage. During a contest which began at nine in the morning, and was not concluded before five in the afternoon, they retreated with admirable order from one difficult position to another, losing none of the advantages which the ground offered, of which it was not the least proof, that the English were never able to avail themselves of their numerical superiority, the numbers actually engaged being far less than that of the enemies whom they defeated. They repeatedly attempted to recover what they had lost, and when this hope was abandoned, they effected their retreat in good order ; for, as Sir Arthur Wellesley wanted cavalry, and troops and cannon could not be brought up the passes with requisite speed, there was no pursuit. Our loss was less than 500 men killed, wounded, and missing ; that of the French was supposed to have trebled it ; and of their five pieces of cannon, three were taken. The battle, though neither in its scale nor its consequences of much importance, becomes interesting, as the first in this long struggle, and because in this trial the British evinced that superiority in what may be termed national courage, which they maintained in every engage-

ment from that day till they closed their triumphant career before the walls of Thoulouse.

On the same day that the battle of Rolissa was fought, the Portuguese, by an enterprise conducted with equal bravery and good fortune, recovered the important city of Abrantes, where Loison had left a garrison of 200 men. That general, as well as Laborde, now fell back to join the main force of the French, which Junot was collecting about Torres-Vedras. Junot had left between 3,000 and 4,000 men in Lisbon under General Travot: there were three officers of rank in this French army who distinguished themselves by *not* insulting, *not* injuring, and *not* robbing the inhabitants; Travot, Charlot, and Brennier. The French now began to feel that character was worth something; and Junot, in the proclamations that he issued upon leaving Lisbon, spoke of the virtues by which General Travot had obtained the friendship of the inhabitants of Cascaes and Oeyras. In other respects, this paper was in the true French style, save only that it was something below the ordinary point of arrogance.

" You have hitherto been tranquil," said he to the people of Lisbon; " it is for your interest to continue so. Do not stain yourselves with a horrible crime at a moment when, without any risk of yours, the lot of arms is about to decide by what power you are to be governed. Reflect, too, upon the interests of the three nations who now contend for the possession of Lisbon. The glory and the prosperity of the city and the kingdom are what the French desire, because this is the interest and the policy of France. Spain wishes to invade Portugal, and make it one of her provinces, that she may thus become mistress of the whole Peninsula. And England is desirous to rule over you, that she may destroy your port and your marine, and prevent the progress of your national industry. The English envy the magnificence of your port; they will not consent that it should exist so near them, and they have no hope of preserving it: they know that a new French army has past your frontiers, and if that does not suffice, another will follow it; but meantime they will have destroyed your naval establishments; they will have caused the destruction of Lisbon,—and this is what they

aim at, and this is what they desire. They know that they cannot maintain themselves upon the continent; but when they can destroy the ports and the marine of any other power, then they are content."

Such assertions were little likely to impose upon a people who knew that Lisbon had been one of the most flourishing ports in Europe before the French entered Portugal, and that from the hour of their entrance it had experienced nothing but oppression, extortion, privation, misery, and ruin. Junot thought it perhaps more easy to mislead them by appealing to their religious prejudices. "What a disgrace to the Portuguese," he said, "that they should call in heretics and Moors to their assistance!" —the Highlanders having either been mistaken for Moors upon a distant view, or more probably represented as such for the purpose of deceit.

Sir Arthur Wellesley meantime was informed that Generals Acland and Anstruther, with their brigades, were off the coast; and he moved to Vimeiro, to protect their landing. The larger reinforcements under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore, having been delayed by contrary winds, were sixteen days from Portsmouth before they made Cape Finisterre: their instructions were, not to go to the south of Porto without obtaining information. Sir Harry therefore removed to the Brazen sloop with some of his staff, and, leaving the convoy, proceeded first to the Douro, then to the Mondego. Here he found letters from Sir Arthur, recommending that the troops should land here, and march upon Santarem, in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction; but the letter added, that they must carry their own bread, for the resources of the country were not to be relied on. Upon weighing this difficulty, and the possible danger of not being in sufficient strength to resist the enemy if they should retire with their force upon that point, Sir Harry Burrard determined not to follow this advice, and continued his course southward. This was on the 18th; the next day he obtained intelligence of the battle of Rolissa, and then dispatched an officer to Sir John Moore, directing him to land in the Mondego, and proceed according to circumstances and his own judgment. Moore accord-

ingly reached the Mondego on the 20th, began to disembark, but presently he received counter-orders to follow Sir Harry, who had changed his mind, and was proceeding to the mouth of the Maceira, where he arrived on the evening of the 20th. While the English troops were thus divided, Junot had collected his forces; he himself, with the advanced guard, took post in front of Torres Vedras; and the main body, under Laborde and Loison, were strongly posted behind the town. They covered the country with their cavalry, of which they had about 1,300, and Sir Arthur could only learn that their position was very strong, and their whole strength assembled there. His own plans were speedily formed; Sir Charles Stuart (a man whose eminent military talents were never allowed an adequate field wherein to display themselves) had carefully surveyed this part of the country while he commanded the British troops in Portugal, for it had not escaped him, that upon this ground, in case of serious invasion, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in Sir Arthur Wellesley's possession. The French either did not understand the advantages which the ground offered them, or they believed that a defensive system was not practicable on their part, because of the disposition of the people. Sir Arthur determined to push his advanced guard to Mafra on the following morning, turn the enemy's position by this movement, and he then hoped to enter Lisbon in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Having laid down this plan, and issued orders for putting it in execution on the morrow, he heard of Sir Harry's arrival, and going immediately on board to communicate with him, he explained his intended measures.

But the new commander was more impressed with the difficulties to be encountered, than encouraged by the success which had hitherto attended the movements of the army. The strength of the enemy's cavalry, and their own want of that important arm of war, kept the British troops at present close to their encampment: and the farther they might advance from the ships, (upon which they depended for bread,) the more severely would this inferiority be felt. The artillery horses were inefficient; they

were cast-off cavalry, purchased in Ireland, the old, and the blind, and the lame; some of them had already died of age, and others, though carefully fed, had sunk under what would have been easy work for horses in good condition; nearly a sixth part had thus perished upon the way, and of those which were left many were not worth the forage which they consumed. Under these circumstances, the decision, which he was now called upon to make, appeared to Sir Harry Burrard most serious in its consequences; and should the army be checked in advancing, he thought it impossible to calculate the disasters to which it might be exposed. He was of opinion, therefore, that they ought to wait for Sir John Moore's division. Sir Arthur represented that at least ten days must elapse before these troops could land and become serviceable at Vimeiro: the two armies were so situated that one of them must attack; if the British advanced, they would have the advantage of acting on the offensive; in his opinion, they could reach Mafra before they could be brought to a general engagement; reaching that point, he should turn the French position, and come more immediately in front of Lisbon, upon ground which he knew so well, that he was desirous of making it the scene of action. These representations were unavailing; the Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Clinton, and Colonel Murray, the Quartermaster-General, coincided in opinion with Sir Harry Burrard; and the orders which Sir Arthur Wellesley had given for advancing on the morrow, were consequently countermanded. But a part of that general's opinion was soon verified; he had asserted that a battle could not be delayed, and, as he expected, Junot on the following morning brought his whole force to attack the British army before they should receive further reinforcements.

Thus was the enemy allowed to choose the place, the time, and the manner of attack; and they made full use of the advantage, for they brought the whole of their force to bear upon half the British army. There were in the field about 14,000 French, and 16,000 English; yet they engaged them with a superiority of nearly two to one. To a general of less promptitude, or to troops of less

determined courage, this would have been fatal; but on this occasion the skill of the general was admirably seconded by the gallantry of officers and men. The intentions of the enemy were divined at every movement, troops were moved with the utmost celerity just when and where they were needed, and the heart, and the arm, and the bayonet did the rest. Wherever the French made the attack, they were repelled; wherever they were attacked, they gave way. Yet they were brave enemies; and had they not been sullied by such crimes, they might deserve for their bravery to be mentioned with admiration. One charge which they made upon Major-General Ferguson's brigade will long be remembered by those who witnessed it: it was made by the flower of the enemy's army with the bayonet; they came resolutely to the point of trial, and in one instant their whole line was cut down, so decisive was the superiority of British courage when brought to this last test. Above three hundred of their grenadiers were found dead in the line where they had been drawn up. Among many fine anecdotes which have been preserved respecting this action, there is one of General Anstruther; during the heat of the battle, one of Sir Arthur Wellesley's aides-de-camp came to tell him that a corps should be sent to his assistance; he replied, "Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance: I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them." Before the action began, Sir Harry Burrard and his staff left the ship; the firing was heard as soon as he was on shore, and the armies were hotly engaged when he reached the heights, and found Sir Arthur, who told him briefly what measures he had taken for defeating the enemy. The new commander had too just a feeling of honour to interfere, and approving all the dispositions, he desired him to go on with what he had so well begun. But when the French were beaten on the left, Sir Arthur went to him, and told him this was the moment to advance—the right wing ought to march upon Torres Vedras, and the left pursue the beaten enemy; by this movement Junot would be cut off from the nearest road to Lisbon, and must take a circuitous route by way of Alenquer, dispirited, defeated, and in confusion. There

was plenty of ammunition in the camp for another battle, and there were also provisions for twelve days. But neither the representations, urged as they were with natural and fitting warmth, nor the victory which was before his eyes, could induce the commander to deviate from his former opinion; the thought of responsibility had come over him like a cold blast from the north; and he replied that he saw no reason to change his purpose, the same motives which yesterday induced him to wait for reinforcements had still the same weight. At that moment the enemy were retiring in great disorder, and most completely disheartened by their defeat. But the irrevocable opportunity was let pass; and Sir Arthur, whose sense of military obedience would not allow him to act upon his own better judgment, as Nelson was accustomed to do, concealing the bitterness of his spirit under a semblance of levity, turned to one of his officers, and said, "Well then, we have nothing to do, but to go and shoot red-legged partridges!"—the game with which that country abounds.

Such was the most lame and impotent conclusion of the battle of Vimeiro, which, had it been followed up as Sir Arthur Wellesley wished to follow it, would have placed the French army at the mercy of the conquerors, have enabled the Portuguese to obtain some justice upon the robbers and ruffians who had so infamously oppressed them, and have given a signal example to Europe. On the morning after the battle, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived. The French had perceived that the British did not know how to profit by the advantage which they had gained; they supposed it would be easy to make good terms with men who seemed so little to feel their own strength; and they proposed terms accordingly, which, perhaps not less to their own astonishment than to the wonder and indignation of Great Britain, were accepted. By these terms, they were to evacuate Portugal, and be conveyed to France, with all their arms, artillery, baggage, and property; then to be at liberty to serve again; and the Russian fleet in the Tagus was to be held in deposit by the British till six months after a peace should be concluded between England and Russia, when the ships were

to be restored, the crews being immediately to be conveyed home in British vessels. It was even agreed that the fleet should leave the Tagus unmolested; but the admiral, Sir C. Cotton, refused to ratify such an agreement. It is easier to account for the terms of this memorable convention, than to justify or excuse them. When the command was in one general in the morning, in a second at night, and in a third on the morrow, there could be no singleness of view, and, therefore, no steadiness of conduct. Sir Hew landed in utter ignorance of the state of the army, the enemy, and the country. Sir Harry had hardly more knowledge than Sir Hew; and Sir Arthur Wellesley, who alone was acquainted with all circumstances, had seen his opinion rejected and overruled at the moment when the tide of fortune was at its flood. After seeing so fair an opportunity lost, he may easily be supposed to have felt a certain degree of indifference as to subsequent measures, over which he had no control, and for which he was not responsible. There was an unusual delay in sending off intelligence of these proceedings to England,—the first account actually came from the Junta of Oviedo. This delay seems to imply a latent apprehension in the commander that what he had to communicate would not be joyfully received:—men usually lose no time in despatching the bearer of good tidings. How the tidings of the Convention of Cintra were received is still fresh in remembrance. An outcry of indignation was set up from all parts of the kingdom, such as had seldom been known before. It was unconnected with any party-spirit or party-views; it was the impulse of true British feeling; the fair hopes of the country had been withered at once, like April blossoms by a snow-blast;—our own honour and the interests of our allies had been sacrificed—we had looked for a triumph of justice and of moral feeling as well as of our arms; we had seen these things forgotten and despised, and had been fooled in negotiation out of what we had won with the sword.

It is not necessary to pursue this ungrateful subject here, but we must take a brief view of the events which occurred in Spain while Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to England, and detained there during the proceedings of

the Court of Inquiry upon the Convention of Cintra. The capture of Dupont's army was followed by a series of successes. Palafox had driven the French with great loss from Zaragoza, after one of the most glorious struggles which has ever been recorded in history. Moncey had been defeated in an attempt to seize Valencia; and in Catalonia, the French, after vain attempts to extend their usurped authority, were confined to the walls of Barcelona. A central and superior Junta had been formed with the concurrence of all the local authorities. Joseph Buonaparte, whom his brother had named King of Spain and the Indies, and who, in that character, had arrived at Madrid, found it necessary to retreat in the course of ten days, taking care in that time to plunder the palace and carry off the crown jewels. The legitimate government was now installed at Aranjuez, and preparations were made upon a great scale for completing the work which had been so happily and gloriously begun. The French had at this time about 60,000 men in Spain, who occupied a strong country, having the Ebro in their front, the river Aragon on their left, and the Bay of Biscay on their right. Three armies were set on foot by the Spaniards, in the hope of expelling them; that on the right, or the eastern army as it was called, under Palafox, the deliverer of Zaragoza; the central under Castanos, whose deliverance of Andalusia had rendered him deservedly popular; and the left or Western army under Blake, who, for the reputation which he had obtained at the battle of Rio Seco, had been thus promoted. The nominal force of these armies was 130,000 men; but it is not probable that they amounted at any time to more than half that number. The Spanish army before this revolution had fallen into the worst state of discipline; and during revolutions discipline is the last thing which a soldier learns. Blake, indeed, had 10,000 men with him, who with their commander, the Marquis de Romana, had been brought off from Denmark by Admiral Keates, in a manner as well planned as it was dexterously executed. These were good troops; but except these, the Spanish armies consisted either of raw levies, or of men who had never seen any thing more than the worthless routine of their slovenly

service. The officers were equally inexperienced : in the first ebullition of national feeling, the local authorities assumed the power of granting commissions, and soon abused it by granting them to their friends and dependents, without any reference to desert and talents. Men in abundance offered themselves—brave, hardy, patient, devoted to their country, and hating the perfidious enemy with all the vehemence of national and religious hatred. But where all were ready to learn, there were none to teach. The Spanish commissariat, always bad, was now in so wretched a state that the armies could scarcely be kept together. Men, who, when in active service, bore without a murmur the severest privations, were not equally passive when they found themselves without proper supplies in their own quarters ; a sense of injury was felt ; and acting as if the contract between them and their government was broken, they made no scruple to forsake their regiments and return home—for in the general overthrow there scarcely remained a shadow of law. The obvious remedy for these evils would have been to re-organise the army by the assistance of British officers. But it must be remembered that, at this time, the British army did not possess that character which it established during the Peninsula war : the French, aided too by many misdirected expeditions on our part, had persuaded the continental nations that we were not a military people, and that they were as decidedly superior to us by land, as they acknowledged themselves inferior by sea. The Spaniards also, who are proverbially a high-minded people, were elated with their first successes, and would have regarded such a measure as a degradation. They had a confidence in the extent and nature of their country, the spirit of the people, the goodness of their cause, and their old renown, which did not allow them to contemplate the thought of subjugation to France as a thing possible. This confidence may be called blind and unreasoning, as their faith in St. Jago and our Lady of the Pillar ; but it was rooted in them. It exposed them often to loss, and to defeat and danger ; but it always preserved them from despondency ; and in such a contest perseverance was sure of being successful at last.

Buonaparte meantime had not been idle. His first care was to keep the French people, as far as possible, in ignorance of the events which had taken place in Spain. It is a curious indication of his fear of public opinion respecting this fresh war in which he was about to involve France, merely for his own personal ambition, that he caused it, at this time, to be announced, that the King of England was dead, and that the Prince's first act had been to change his ministers, preparatory to a change of policy on the part of Great Britain. He had expected to strike terror into the Spaniards; but after the capture of the fleet, the surrender of Dupont's army, and the signal defeat of Lefebvre's at Zaragoza, he saw that considerable efforts were required to crush the insurrection. Before these were made, it was necessary to be secure of the continental powers; for this purpose he had a conference with the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth, which terminated in an insidious proposal of peace to England, the main object being to secure the alliance of Russia, in case of an apprehended attack from Austria. It was not till after his preparations were complete, that Buonaparte thought fit to publish a detail of the affairs of Spain, composed, in his usual style, of misrepresentations and falsehoods. In this paper it was affirmed, that the landholders, the enlightened men, the nobles, and the superior clergy, were all animated with the best sentiments; but that the English faction, which had always been very active in the sea-ports and at Madrid, had taken advantage of circumstances, and that England, in fine, had brought about an insurrection by seducing the monks and the Inquisition! The excesses which the people had committed in their fear of treason, and their indignation for the massacre at Madrid, were carefully related; and in this respect the paper is valuable, nothing of this kind being omitted. The loss of the ships at Cadiz was not noticed; it was said that Zaragoza had been almost wholly destroyed by mines, by bombardment, and by fire,—but it was not said that the French had been compelled to abandon the siege: the only acknowledged reverse was the capture of Dupont. This unexpected event, it was said, which was more important because it encouraged the insurgents, the informa-

tion that the English threatened the coast of Galicia, and the heat of the season, which was unfavourable for rapid movements, induced the King (meaning Joseph Buonaparte) to concentrate his troops, and place them in a country less burning than the plains of New Castile, which might at once offer them a milder air and more salubrious water. In sum, the principal army of the malcontents had been destroyed at Rio Seco; the body of insurgents scarcely deserved to be taken into account. Men of a right mind saw with sorrow that England had succeeded in exciting a civil war in the heart of Spain—but the event could not be doubtful; and all that the English papers had published concerning these transactions was false and absurd. So completely had Buonaparte succeeded in shutting out information from the countries under his control, that his grand army of Germany, as it was called, which he now ordered into Spain, knew nothing of what had occurred there till they were in the country, and learnt from the French upon the spot the fate of Dupont and of Junot, and the other disgraces and losses which had been sustained. They learnt it with astonishment,—but the impression was transitory. “We thought,” says M. Rocca, “we were going upon an easy expedition, which would soon be terminated; conquerors of Germany, we did not suppose that any thing could afterwards resist us.”

One of the *reasons* assigned by the British generals for granting such favourable terms to Junot was that the British army might be able immediately to cooperate with the Spaniards; one of the *effects* of that Convention was to delay this cooperation,—the transports which should have carried the British troops to those places where they might have advantageously acted with the Spaniards being employed in transporting the French to their own country, that they might lose no time in marching to act against them! The Convention of Cintra was signed on the 30th of August; in August it had been determined that a British army should be sent to act in the north of Spain, but it was not till the 6th of October, that Sir John Moore received his appointment to the command, and was ordered to form a junction in Galicia

or Leon with 15,000 men, who were sent to Corunna under Sir David Baird. No time was then lost in making the necessary preparations, and seeking for the necessary local information; but so much had already been lost, that Sir John Moore, with his advanced guard, did not reach Salamanca till the 15th of November. Before he entered that city, he heard that the Estremaduran army, or army of reserve, under Count Belvedere, had been routed at Burgos.

Buonaparte had made full use of the leisure which had been given him. The British troops had scarcely begun their march from Portugal before he had commenced his operations. His first object was to destroy Blake's army before it could be supported by the English. That army was successful in the first action; never did men behave more gallantly, and never did any army endure severer privations—from the wretched state of their commissariat, they were without clothing, without shoes, and almost without food, among the mountains and snows of Biscay; yet they made head against the enemy without murmuring. But the French continually brought up fresh troops to supply the place of those who fell; and thus by dint of repeated attacks, and by numbers even more than discipline, succeeded in finally beating down and dispersing the best of the Spanish armies. While Lefebvre and Victor were thus employed, Soult and Bessieres attacked the army of Estremadura, which occupied the centre of the Spanish line of operations, for the armies of Castanos and Palafox were now united under the command of the former. The army was weak in numbers, not exceeding 12,000 men, who were mostly recruits and volunteers; among the latter were the students of Leon and Salamanca, youths of high spirit, who were, almost to a man, cut off, fighting with the most heroic and devoted courage. There remained only the army of the right; Lasnes and Moncey were to act against this in front and on the left, while Ney, coming upon the rear, was to cut off their retreat: the first part of the plan was carried into full effect, Castanos being defeated with great loss at Tudela; but Ney, stopping a day at Soria for the sake of plunder, did not reach Agreda till a day after the wreck of the

Spanish army had passed through on their retreat. This last event, which completed the defeat of the Spaniards along their whole line, took place on the 23d November, ten days only after Sir John Moore had arrived at Salamanca.

Sir John Moore enjoyed the highest reputation of any general in the British army. He was a man of acknowledged talents, and of tried courage: indefatigable in business; a strict disciplinarian, but one who reconciled all who were under him to that discipline by his goodness of heart. But he was of a melancholy temperament, and never contemplated any thing hopefully. The difficulties of his situation were very great: he perfectly understood the weakness and disorder of the Spanish armies, and the imbecility of the government: the character of the people he did not understand so well; and judging from the apathy which he saw, he believed that the French would "have little more than a march to subdue the country." "The probability," says he, in a letter to one of his brothers, "is, that the French will succeed; and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up after the first effort, to take advantage of the impulse, and of the enthusiasm which then existed. The Spaniards have not shown themselves a wise or a prudent people. Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action: but still they are a fine people; have a character of their own, quite distinct from other nations; and much might have been done with them. Pray for me, that I may make right decisions; if I make bad ones, it will not be for want of consideration." These words feelingly express the state of that general's mind. He arrived, by no fault of his own, too late in Spain to assist the armies of Blake and of Count Belvedere; and while he waited six weeks at Salamanca, to be guided by the course of events, events occurred so rapidly, and such difficulties appeared to crowd upon him on every side, that he remained in a state of indecision. Great things have been effected in war by hope, miraculous ones by despair; but indecision can lead only to disaster and ruin. From the moment that Blake's defeat was known, it became certain that Buonaparte would make for Madrid,—there were then two courses for the British

general, which to choose, to advance to Madrid, and take upon himself the defence of the capital,—or to retreat, and take up a defensive position. Sir John Moore perceived the alternative, and stated it to Mr. Frere, the British minister at Aranjuez.

"As soon as the British army has formed a junction, I must, upon the supposition that Castanos is either beaten or retreated, march upon Madrid, and throw myself into the heart of Spain, and thus run all risks, and share the fortunes of the Spanish nation, or I must fall back upon Portugal." "The question," he says further, "is not purely a military one. It belongs at least as much to you as to me to decide. Your communications with the Spanish government, and the opportunities you have had of judging of the general state of the country, enable you to form a just estimate of the resistance that is likely to be offered. You are perhaps better acquainted with the views of the British cabinet; and the question is, what would that cabinet direct, were they upon the spot to determine? it is of much importance that this should be thoroughly considered; it is comparatively of very little on whom shall rest the greatest share of responsibility. I am willing to take the whole, or a part, but I am very anxious to know your opinion."

Sir John Moore's own judgment was for retreat. The day after he had thus written to the British ambassador, advices reached him of the dispersion of Castanos's army; upon which he immediately ordered Sir David Baird to fall back on Corunna and embark there, while he made for Lisbon; and he desired Sir David would write to England, and beg that transports might be sent to the Tagus, adding these remarkable words, "they will be wanted, for when the French have Spain, Portugal cannot be defended." Mr. Frere was for the bolder course: he argued upon the importance of preserving Madrid, for the effect which it would produce in Spain, and still more in France; and he remarked "that the siege of the capital by a pretender to the throne would be a circumstance decisive against him, even if in other respects his claim were a legitimate one. He thought that a strong force would soon be collected about the British if they advanced there;

the remains of Castanos's army were fallen back thither, and thither the reinforcements from all parts would be directed; of the people he had no doubt, nor of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were full of resolution, and determined to defend their town. Any retreat he deprecated; but in case Sir John should differ from him in opinion, he ventured to recommend retaining the position of Astorga; a retreat from thence to Corunna would be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon; and in that position might wait for cavalry from England, which would enable him to act in the plains of Leon and Old Castile." Every day now brought fresh tidings:—the French advanced rapidly upon Madrid, and the inhabitants became more enthusiastic as the enemy approached. Their spirit had been tried and proved on the second of May; and it had been shown at Zaragoza that no fortress is capable of such a formidable defence as a great city, when the inhabitants are determined to defend it street by street, and house by house. Mr. Frere communicated this intelligence to Sir John Moore, representing the propriety and necessity of supporting the Spanish people, and taking upon himself any responsibility which might attach to the advice. This despatch he sent by Colonel Charmilly, a French emigrant officer in the British service. But as Mr. Frere was now informed of Sir John Moore's determination to retreat, in case he should continue in that determination, he desired that Charmilly might be previously examined before a council of war. This was stated in a second letter, which Charmilly was not to deliver unless it were necessary. In writing it, Mr. Frere was not influenced by his zeal for the public service alone; he thought that a council of war would exonerate the general from any responsibility which he might be unwilling to incur. Sir John Moore was exceedingly indignant at receiving this letter; that feeling, however, was soon subdued, and upon weighing all circumstances, he determined to make a forward movement, and recalled Sir David Baird. Before he could begin his march, he was informed of the betrayal of Madrid; materially as the circumstances had now changed, he thought it possible to strike a blow against an enemy's corps under Soult, of which he had obtained information

by an intercepted letter from Berthier. But the movement had been delayed too long, and was undertaken with little or no hope,—it was, he said, “of the most dangerous kind, as he ran the risk, not only of being surrounded by superior forces, but of having his communication with Galicia intercepted :” and he advanced, in his own words, “bridle in hand, and expecting to have a run for it.” That expectation was woefully fulfilled. Buonaparte, with all his disposable force, hastened from Madrid, in the hope of cutting him off. Sir John Moore discovered this in time ; and to avoid the danger, he retreated from Sahagun, in the heart of Spain, to Corunna, with such rapidity, that stores, baggage, artillery, and treasure were abandoned upon the road, and nearly a fourth part of the troops foundered. The disgrace which must have otherwise attached to the British army was effaced by the battle of Corunna ; and in justice to Sir John Moore, it should always be remembered, that this battle, so infinitely important to the character of his country, was his work. He was advised to propose terms to the enemy, that he might be permitted to embark quietly :—from this ignominy he saved us, and fell like a brave man, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory.

In the opinion of the French, Sir John Moore ought to have advanced for the purpose of covering the capital. By marching, said the *Moniteur*, upon Somosierra or Guadarrama, he would have covered Madrid, and given time to organize the defence of that city, he would have rallied the wreck of the Spanish armies, and whether he succeeded or not, he would have tried his fortune with honour. Zaragoza held out nearly for three months at this very time. The disposition of the people of Madrid was equally good ; had there been a British army at hand they would not have been betrayed, and the position of Buonaparte would indeed have been embarrassing : for the news of the Austrian preparations reached him now, and recalled him to France, when he was pursuing the British army. The good effect however which Sir John Moore proposed by his advance was accomplished ; he drew after him those troops who would otherwise have been sent against Lisbon, and from whom the English at

Lisbon, in the universal despondency, were preparing to take flight. A bold enterprise of Sir Robert Wilson's contributed to this; he, having raised a Portuguese corps, advanced with it to Ciudad Rodrigo, and interrupted the communication between Victor and Soult. It was not till the middle of March that Soult entered Portugal on the side of Galicia, and got possession of Porto, where his soldiers were allowed to commit the most hideous enormities. But the opportunity was lost: a Portuguese force under General Silveira got skilfully in his rear, retook Chaves, making the French garrison prisoners, and cut off his communication with Galicia; Victor, who should have cooperated with him, and entered Portugal from Estremadura, was delayed by a Spanish army, which the Central Junta, with exertions which have never been sufficiently acknowledged, collected under Cuesta, and which, though defeated at Medellin with great loss, prevented this conjoined attack, at the only moment when it could have proved successful. Fresh troops mean time had been sent from England to the Tagus, and on the 22d April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon: the error of placing such a man under the control of inferior minds had been severely felt, and he came now as commander-in-chief. Thus far our government had grown wiser by experience, but it had not yet learnt to proportion the effort to the occasion.

While the British army was advancing from Lisbon to the Douro, Soult's efforts were directed to the great object of securing a retreat into Spain. Silveira had occupied the bridge of Amarante upon the Tamega, a strong and important position in the road which the French would take; here he was attacked by Laborde and Loison; the post was maintained with the greatest bravery from the 18th of April to the 30th; during which time the French were repulsed in daily attacks, and the Portuguese entrenched themselves in the street of Amarante, behind the dead bodies of their enemies. Colonel Patrick, an officer of distinguished bravery and talent, who was with Silveira, fell in this memorable defence. Soult himself then brought fresh forces to the attack, and on the 2d of May forced the position. Secure now, as he

believed, of his retreat, he returned to Porto, and waited the approach of the English, wishing to see them appear, if General Sarrazin's opinion may be credited, that he might have a fair excuse for getting, as fast as possible, out of a country in which the day of plunder was over, and that of reckoning at hand. While General Beresford, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Portuguese, advanced from Coimbra in a north-east direction, to act upon the enemy's left, Sir Arthur proceeded, with all speed, to the Douro, and reached it after a few skirmishes. The Portuguese eagerly brought boats ; an immense standard of white cloth, bearing an embroidered cross, was planted by the people upon the beach at Villa Nova, and the opposite wall of Porto, which runs along the river, was lined with people, waving white handkerchiefs, and with the most lively gestures inviting their deliverers. General Murray effected his passage at Aminatas, about a league from the city. Another division embarked immediately above Villa Nova ; and General Sherbrooke, taking advantage of the weakness of the enemy in the town, crossed directly from that suburb. The French made a vigorous attack upon the first troops who landed ; but failing in this, took flight, and Sir Arthur is said to have sat down to the dinner which had that day been prepared for Marshal Soult. Beresford, meantime, by a rapid movement, had reached Amarante, where he drove in Loison's out-posts, and recovered the bridge ; then marched upon Chaves, while Silveira hastened to occupy the passes of Ruivaes and Melgaço ; but for this the Portuguese general was too late : for, finding Amarante occupied, Soult turned to the left, and, leaving every thing behind him, fled by way of Braga and Montalegre, towards Orense. He was pursued as far as Montalegre ; but the British troops had then so far outstripped their commissariat, that they could proceed no farther. General Sarrazin says, that with a general more experienced, more active, and more enterprising, than Sir Arthur Wellesley, Portugal would have beheld the scene of Baylen repeated. Undoubtedly it would have been easy to surround Marshal Soult, and cut off his retreat—if Marshal Soult would only have been accommodating

enough to delay his flight till the enemy could get in his rear. General Mackinnon, on the contrary, observes, that Sir Arthur's conduct, during this short campaign, gives him the first rank among the British generals of the day. Speaking of one of the affairs in the pursuit, he says, "I was near him, by his orders, when the attack was about to commence; and if I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind." General Mackinnon was capable of forming such a judgment; he was a man in whom England has perhaps lost more than in any soldier since Sir Philip Sidney.

The French committed great cruelties in their flight; they burnt all the villages, and murdered the peasants,



many of whom were found by the British hung up along the road side. They suffered for their crimes;—for every straggler and every man who dropt on the way was put to death without mercy by the country people before our advanced-guard could come up. To overtake them was impossible:—"if an army," said Sir Arthur in his despatches, "throws away every thing and abandons all

those who are entitled to its protection, but impede its progress, it must obviously be able to march through roads where it cannot be overtaken by an enemy who has not made the same sacrifices." Soult, therefore, escaped with the loss of from 7000 to 8000 men (a third of his army), and the whole of his stores, baggage, and artillery. Sir Arthur then turned his face towards Victor, who had just entered Portugal on the side of Alcantara: that general, however, whose advance had only been designed as a feint in Soult's favour, returned to his former quarters at Truxillo, and if Cuesta had been skilful enough to cooperate with the British army, might have been cut off by a movement which Sir Arthur meditated, through Castello Branco and Placentia upon the bridge of Almarez. Victor was aware of his danger, and retreated beyond that bridge, and the British army then marched to form its junction with the Spaniards in the same country on the right bank of the Tagus. The Spaniards had at this time two efficient armies on foot if they had been properly commanded; that under Cuesta, which the Junta had re-established with prodigious exertions after the battle of Medellin, and that under Vanegas, in La Mancha, which had in like manner been refitted after its more opprobrious route at Ciudad Real. The former was now united with the British army; and while Vanegas on the right alarmed the enemy for Madrid, Sir Robert Wilson and his Portuguese legion communicated with the allies on the left, and kept up a correspondence with it. It was a golden opportunity. Buonaparte had received a tremendous check in Germany, and all his exertions were required upon the Danube: the French in Spain were disheartened, and they expected again to be driven beyond the Ebro.

But the course of the British general was impeded. Vanegas, perplexed by orders and counter-orders, and having neither the eye which sees all occasions, nor the moral courage which incurs any responsibility rather than let one pass, did not advance upon the capital as he ought to have done—contenting himself with a useless cannonade of Toledo. And Cuesta would not join with Sir Arthur in making an attack upon Victor before he should be joined by Joseph and Sebastiani, for a heap of nugatory

reasons, one of which was that he scrupled at fighting upon a Sunday ! His priests might have told him that if his horse or ass had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath-day, it is the fool only who would scruple to help them out,—much less should a man scruple to stretch forth his hand for the assistance of his suffering country ! Victor employed the time well which had been thus given, and fell back upon the army which was hastening to join him. Had the attack been made when Sir Arthur proposed, the victory was certain ; and the possession of Madrid would have been the reward ; all difficulties concerning subsistence would then have been at an end. These difficulties were now severely felt. The Spanish commissariat was in the most miserable state ;—ours was at that time only in its apprenticeship ; it was interfered with by that of our allies ; and owing partly to the nature of our government, and partly to an excess of honourable feeling in the British character, we have sometimes sacrificed the common interest to an overstrained delicacy on these points. A proper search in Talavera would have discovered large deposits of grain, for the ample supply of both armies, at a time when Sir Arthur was actually disabled from advancing by want of bread and of means of transport. Cuesta acknowledged this inability, and advanced alone in pursuit of Victor, expecting to enter Madrid ; he received a check at Torrijos from the combined armies of the enemy, and retreating twenty miles, recrossed the Alverche, and again formed a junction with the British. Sir Arthur then perceived that having lost the opportunity of making the attack, it must be his fate to abide it. He made his dispositions accordingly, and the battle of Talavera was fought. That battle has been fought in verse, and therefore all its circumstances are generally known ; —the vain attempt of the enemy upon the Spaniards on the right ; their repeated attacks by day and night upon the hill which was the vital point of the position ; the memorable charge of cavalry, which fatal as it was to the brave regiment who made it, decided the battle in that quarter,—and that horrible scene where the shrubs took fire and burnt so many of the wounded as they lay upon the field—these circumstances are fresh in every reader's

recollection, because they have been recorded in that song which describes with so much spirit the exploits of Britain on that day, and the final retreat of France.

" Far from the field where late she fought—
 The tents where late she lay—
 With rapid step and humbled thought
 All night she holds her way ;
 Leaving to Briton's conquering sons
 Standards rent and ponderous guns,
 The trophies of the fray ;
 The weak, the wounded, and the slain,
 The triumph of the battle-plain,
 The glory of the day."

The battle was obstinately disputed.

After the battle, orders were given to evacuate Madrid; and Soult, having been joined by Ney's corps from Astorga, Benevente, and Leon, and by Mortier's from Valladolid and Medina del Campo, his force amounted to little less than 30,000 men. From the beginning of the campaign, Sir Arthur knew that this force existed in that direction, and was well aware in what manner it would be directed; but he could not spare a detachment to occupy the passes against them; and Cuesta, though urged in time to take this needful precaution, neglected it till it was too late. Sir Arthur Wellesley was deceived in nothing but in the amount of the force; he turned back to attack it, and throw open his communication with Portugal, which was otherwise cut off, and he left Cuesta to maintain the post at Talavera. The Spanish general soon sent him an intercepted letter, in which the British army was said to be 25,000, and Soult was ordered to bring it to action; a plain indication that his force must not be less than 30,000; Victor's beaten army also was said to be returning upon Talavera, and Cuesta, believing himself unable to resist it, set off to join the British general, leaving the British hospital in that town. Cuesta was very unequal to the command of an army in such times, and unquestionably marred the campaign by his previous blunders; but in this instance he was justifiable; for he had hardly begun his march before the French were in sight. Sir Arthur now saw that his only course was to

retreat across the Tagus, before that retreat could be cut off; for he was between two armies, each superior to his own, and had seen how little, in their present state of discipline, was to be expected from his allies. The bridge of Almaraz had been destroyed; he crossed, therefore, at the Puente del Arzobispo, and took a position which enabled him to defend the passage at Almaraz, and keep open the defiles of Deleitosa and Xaraicejo. A plan which Ney had formed of occupying those defiles and cutting him off from Portugal was thus defeated, and the French, not thinking it prudent to make any further movements against such an enemy, turned their efforts against Vanegas, who, after a successful defence at Aranjuez, was defeated at Amonacid; but the French purchased the victory with so severe a loss that they were not able to follow up their success.

All the wounded at Talavera who were in a state to be removed, were carried off by General Mackinnon; a difficult and painful office, which he performed with his usual ability. About 1500 were left, who were recommended to the French, and were treated with great humanity. Victor and Mortier, into whose hands they fell, were men of better character than most of their fellow dukes, and upon this occasion they observed all the humanities of war in a manner which should always be mentioned to their honour. This conduct was felt as it deserved by the British army;—but they had seen enough of the wanton havoc and deliberate cruelty of the French to understand and abhor the character of Buonaparte's armies. When they first entered Talavera, all the public buildings had been entirely destroyed; the tombs opened, the altars overturned; and half the houses were in the same state. The chairs, tables, and other furniture had been carried off to the camp, where the French, Frenchmen like, had established a regular theatre. They had built large huts for their soldiers, and General Mackinnon mentions, "as a small proof of the destruction caused by the armies of the usurper Joseph," that all these huts were thatched with the straw unthrashed! An officer, in his journal, says, that near the village of Cassalagos they found the bodies of two Spanish peasants recently killed;

one of whom had been burnt to death by the French, and lay with his arms lifted up, his hands clenched, and his features distorted—the whole body having stiffened in one dreadful expression of agony ! He had been burnt alive for having been found with arms in his hands !



The experiment of cooperating with the Spanish army had now been fairly tried ; the want of discipline in the troops, the want of capacity in the leaders, and the want of vigour in the government, rendered it impossible to rely upon them for effectual assistance : and at home we had not yet learnt the full measure of our own strength, and still shrank from putting it forth. Attempts were made by Marquis Wellesley to convince the Junta of the wretched consequences which must result from their military system ; and he would have taught them how to render their armies efficient, and the resources of their country available.—But it was in vain ; the national character of the Spaniards was the rock upon which the

designs of friends as well as enemies were wrecked. Painful as the determination was to a man like Lord Wellington (for so he must now be called, having been raised to the peerage after the battle of Talavera), there was no alternative, but to withdraw his army to the Portuguese frontier, and there await the march of events, while a force was created in Portugal, which it was in vain to look for in the sister country. Before the close of the year, the Spanish army ran headlong into that destruction which no counsels could induce them to avoid: they suffered at Ocana a more tremendous defeat than any which they had endured since the commencement of the war; and that evil drew after it the discomfiture of the Duke del Parque's army at Tamames. This last event left the French at full leisure to direct their operations against the most vulnerable part of Portugal. On the side of Alentejo, Lord Wellington was in no fear of an attack, attempts having always proved unsuccessful there: and after what Soult had suffered, he did not apprehend that a second experiment would be made from the Galician frontier. But he knew that a French council of war had advised the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; the capture of that fortress would cut off the communication between the Spanish government and the northern provinces; it would give the enemy possession of Old Castile, bring on the fall of Almeida, and open the easiest way into Portugal. Aware, therefore, that he must prepare to defend Portugal on this side, he withdrew his troops, at the end of 1809, from the Guadiana to the right bank of the Tagus, extending them from thence to the Douro. The new year was opened with vigorous measures on the part of the enemy. They forced the passes of the Sierra Morena almost without resistance, overran the kingdom of Andalusia, entered Seville, and were only prevented from getting possession of Cadiz by the celerity of the Duke de Albuquerque, a man whose military talents might have produced the happiest results for his country, if intrigue and envy had not excluded him from the rank to which he was entitled, and finally sending him into an honourable banishment, completed their work by persecuting his noble spirit to madness and death! The Junta

was overthrown by a popular commotion ; but, like the Spanish people, they comported themselves with dignity in their overthrow, and did not give up their authority, till they had appointed a Regency and convoked the Cortes. The seat of the new government was necessarily fixed in Cadiz—their last asylum, and its authority might seem to be confined to the Isle of Leon : for, except Galicia in the north, and Valencia in the south, and Catalonia, where fortress after fortress was now falling, the French were nominally masters of Spain. The favourable season had passed by. Instead of enabling Lord Wellington to make a great effort while Buonaparte was engaged in a doubtful struggle with Austria, England had misdirected its force, and sent one of the finest armies that ever left its shores, upon a fatal expedition to Walcheren. Austria was now subdued, and the emperor had even submitted to purchase peace by sacrificing his daughter in marriage to Buonaparte, black as the tyrant was with crimes ; and that tyrant, strengthened by the alliance, was at leisure to turn his whole power and undivided attention toward the Peninsula. The chief object was to expel the English—if that were accomplished, it would leave him in military possession of the whole country, and time and merciless severity, he thought, would do the rest.

Marshal Massena, who, in the late Austrian campaign, had been made Prince of Essling, was appointed to the army destined for this service, and his first operation was to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, before which his troops appeared at the end of April. Lord Wellington had taken up a strong position upon the Coa : the Portuguese army had now been re-organised and disciplined ; it was yet to be seen whether, in the hour of trial, they would approve themselves good troops ; no person who knew the people or their history could doubt it,—but it was boldly denied in England by those who knew neither ; the thought of making soldiers of the Portuguese was ridiculed, and the expulsion of Lord Wellington, and the total subjugation of Portugal and Spain, were predicted with insolent exultation, as if the event was rather to be desired than deprecated. Lord Wellington contemplated the danger

with a wiser and braver mind. The names of Buonaparte and his redoubted generals did not act as spells upon him ; he knew that when French and English are brought to the proof, the Englishman is the braver ; the bayonet is the test of their bravery, and the English have never shrunk from it. But even with all the efforts which had been made in raising and disciplining the Portuguese, he had not force enough to undertake offensive operations, and, painful as it might be, was compelled to content himself with the defence of Portugal. From the beginning of the contest, he had seen where was the vantage-ground, and immediately after the issue of the Talavera campaign, gave orders for forming the famous lines of Torres Vedras, for the protection of Lisbon. The works were carried on with remarkable secrecy ; they even escaped the notice of the English newspapers ; and the enemy, with all their skill in obtaining information, had not the slightest suspicion that Lord Wellington, while he watched their movements, ready to seize every occasion of impeding them, had an impregnable line of defence upon which to fall back. Ciudad Rodrigo held out gallantly : the trenches were opened on the 15th June, and though the works were old and imperfect, and the place hardly to be ranked in the third order of fortresses, Massena is believed to have lost 9000 men before it surrendered, on the 10th of July. Almeida was his next object ; the place was well provided ; there was a sufficient garrison, an English governor, and Lord Wellington at hand, to take advantage of any opportunity in their favour ; but on the second day the powder magazine blew up, and Almeida was no longer tenable. Throughout the whole of Lord Wellington's career in the Peninsula, the accidents of war have been uniformly against him ; nothing, therefore, is to be detracted from his merits and carried to the score of fortune.

Massena's army consisted of 68,600 men, in three corps, under Regnier, Ney, and Junot ; besides which, he had one division of 7,000 men at Benevente, and another of 8,000 at Astorga. In full expectation of seeing the English fly before him, and perhaps of receiving the crown of Portugal for his reward, he ordered his

army to provide itself with food for seventeen days, expecting that, in that time, Lisbon would be their own. The confidence was so strong, that when he perceived the English army had taken post upon the Serra de Busaco, as if they meant to oppose him there, he said to one of his generals, “I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does, *I have him*; to-morrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more I shall drown the Leopard.” The boaster was wofully undeceived; he left nearly 5,000 men killed or wounded upon the mountains, and he took away as many more disabled, whom he left at Coimbra. By an accident, or mistake of counter orders, Colonel Trant was prevented from occupying in time a circuitous and difficult road, by which Massena, after his defeat, turned the left of the British position. The error was well redeemed by the manner in which he entered Coimbra immediately after Massena left it, captured his wounded and his hospital stores, and cut him off from all supplies in that direction. The allied army, meantime, retreated before the enemy by easy marches, and in perfect order: instead of spreading panic by the rapidity of their march, their steadiness and admirable discipline inspired the peasantry with courage; under their protection, the Portuguese removed their property, destroyed their mills, broke up the bridges, and laid the country waste. In this manner Lord Wellington retired within the lines of Torres Vedras. These works extended from the sea to the Tagus, at a point where the Tagus, being about twelve miles wide, protected them as efficiently as the sea itself: Massena reconnoitred them; he had promised to drive the English into the sea, but he thought it necessary now to solicit reinforcements from Buonaparte before he ventured to make the attempt.

It was easy for Buonaparte to order any force upon this service; but the difficulty was to support those who were already there. When Pombal was once threatened that the French and Spaniards would march 60,000 men into Portugal, he replied with a smile, “Portugal is a small country; there is not room for them.” With the sea open, Lisbon could be supplied with succours from England,

and with food from all parts of the world ; but Massena had behind him an armed population ; (and no country under heaven can show a braver or more patriotic people;) Spain was in no state to supply him with food ; and his convoys and reinforcements from France had to traverse that country, a distance not less than 600 miles, before they could reach the frontier, with guerilla parties of Spaniards harassing them the whole way. Famine must soon have driven him out of Portugal, if the orders of Lord Wellington and the Portuguese government for removing all provisions, had been duly executed : the usual supineness of the local authorities had neglected to enforce this most necessary measure, and individuals listened rather to their own hopes and fears than to the voice which it was their duty to obey. A great quantity of private stores, therefore, was found by the enemy. But though Massena displayed the talents of a consummate general in the field, he, like all the generals of Buonaparte's school, had been taught to rely upon the resources of predatory war ; and as they acted like robbers in all other respects, so had they all the characteristic improvidence of banditti. Instead of collecting the provisions in magazines, Massena gave notice that the soldiers were to provide themselves for two months, a license of general plunder, which produced all the waste and havoc that might be expected from it. No army could be in better order for actual service ; but when they were not on duty, the state of insubordination and indiscipline was such as shocked even those of their own officers, who remembered better times. The number of deserters was so great, that they formed themselves into a little army, which they organized into regular companies, and called the eleventh corps, electing generals, officers, and subalterns. It consisted of more than 1,800 men, who frequently attacked the foraging parties of the French, and made the prisoners join them. They occupied the country about Caldas and Alcobassa, in full sovereignty, as an established army of avowed professional robbers ; and Massena at last found it necessary to send two divisions against them ; they fought desperately ; but at length being surrounded and overpowered, they laid down their arms ; the leaders were then shot. The

men were again incorporated in their regiments, not being the less fit for the service in which they were employed.

The French, while they waited for reinforcements, had taken up a position at Santarem, which Lord Wellington did not think it advisable to attack. He could only have forced it at a heavy expense of men; and he was not like Buonaparte, a general, as Kleber called him, who spent at the rate of 10,000 men a-week. Both parties were now looking for reinforcements: but Massena, who knew that he could not much longer feed the force which he already had, placed his chief reliance upon the advance of a French army into Alentejo. This also Lord Wellington had foreseen, and guarded against by preparing lines from the Tagus to Satubal, securing thus the heights of Almada, from which Lisbon might be bombarded. It is said that the jealousy between the French generals which frequently discovered itself in Spain, was manifested on this occasion, and that Soult, who had been disappointed of his hopes in winning the kingdom of Portugal for himself, was not very willing to assist Massena in obtaining it; for which reason he ordered Mortier to form the siege of Badajoz, instead of sending him immediately into Alentejo. But the imputation seems groundless; for it is not likely that Mortier would have advanced, leaving two such garrisons as those of Elvas and Badajoz in his rear. That general's movements were but too successful. Romana's army, which had joined Lord Wellington, and, after the death of its leader, had been detached for the relief of Badajoz, under his successor Mendizabal, was surprised, and almost destroyed, and the city itself scandalously given up by its governor, at a moment when he had received intelligence from Lord Wellington that Massena had begun his retreat, and that he might rely upon speedy relief. Dearly did the British and Portuguese pay for this man's cowardice or treason!

Massena had remained till the latest moment in his position. There was a church opposite his own quarters in Santarem, in which a number of children, whose parents had been murdered by the French, had got together, as if seeking that compassion from God which they had no hope of finding from man. Many of them had

literally died with hunger under Massena's eyes ; and when the English entered the town, immediately upon his retreat, they found the floor of the church strewn with the dead or living skeletons of these poor innocents. The



first thought of the British soldiers was to give them their own rations, but most of them were too far gone, and expired with the bread beside them, which British humanity had held to their lips. If, among the generals of Buonaparte, there be one man who will be remembered with more peculiar infamy than his colleagues, it is Marshal Massena, for his conduct in this retreat : it was marked by the most wanton destruction, and the most systematic cruelty, — by a “barbarity,” says Lord Wellington, “seldom equalled, and never surpassed.” Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, speaking of the ability with which he

conducted his retreat, adds these memorable words, which we transcribe with pride, as speaking the true feeling of a British officer :—“ Having paid the tribute of praise, which is due to Marshal Massena as a general, it is but proper to notice his conduct as a man, and to endeavour to hold him up to the execration of his fellow-beings, by stating, as an eye-witness, that the inhuman cruelties which marked every step of his retreat, rank him as one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced the human form.” The church and convent at Alcobassa, the value of which may be expressed to an English reader, by saying, that they were to the Portuguese what Westminster Abbey and the Bodleian Library are to the history and literature of England, were burnt by orders from the French headquarters. As much injury, as time allowed them to commit, was done to Batalha, the most beautiful Gothic structure, not in Portugal alone, but in Europe : the royal tombs were broke open, and among the bodies which were taken out to be torn in pieces for the mockery of these ruffians, was that of Prince Henry, whose name has ever been pronounced with veneration by all enlightened nations, as the first patron of maritime discovery. But the cruelties which were perpetrated cannot, and ought not to be described. Suffice it to say, that upon an official inquiry, it was ascertained, that in the diocese of Coimbra alone, 2,969 persons, consisting of men, women, and children, were murdered on the retreat; and every one with some circumstance of aggravated barbarity ! Never before had such cruelties been committed in civilized ages, and by people calling themselves civilized ; they have left an indelible stain upon the national character ; and the name of Frenchman is become more odious and more infamous in Portugal than even that of Jew has been ; with this difference, too, that the infamy having been well deserved, and the hatred well founded, they will both endure when all prejudices shall have passed away.

The retreat was conducted with great military skill, but not without some blunders. It was known at the time, that Ney and Massena had quarrelled, but the cause of the dispute was not known. It arose from some reproaches which the commander-in-chief made to Ney

for the slowness of his column, which the latter attributed to the quantity of carts and animals laden with plunder, collected as they went along. In consequence of these reproaches, when they reached the Foz d'Aronce, Ney ordered a guard to take possession of the bridge, seize all the plunder, and burn it; and the execution was begun upon Massena's own share, who did not venture to countermand the order, however bitterly he resented it. Shortly afterwards, he deprived Ney of his command, which was given to Loison. Having reached the frontiers, the French were safe from further pursuit. Lord Wellington, whose means were greatly inadequate to the demand upon them, leaving his army, hastened to the Guadiana, to see if Badajoz could be recovered. Had the British army been provided with a due proportion of sappers, miners, and pontooneers, with the requisite materials of such an establishment, that important city might have been easily recaptured, before the French could have repaired the breaches which they had made, or filled up their own trenches. But we had not even a corps of sappers in our service; and men had to learn the first operations of the most difficult and dangerous branch of the military art, under the fire of an enemy who had made it their particular study. From the Guadiana Lord Wellington was recalled to the Coa; Massena had been allowed to make one effort more to re-establish his claim to the boasted appellation of the Child of Victory which Buonaparte had given him; his troops had been re-equipped, and strongly reinforced; and in the beginning of May he attacked the allied army, in hopes of relieving Almeida from its blockade. The chief scene of this memorable action was at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French were defeated here, as they were in every general action during the whole war: Almeida was evacuated, and Massena was on this removed from the command, Marshal Marmont being appointed to succeed him.

After this victory, Lord Wellington hastened again to that part of his force which he had placed under Marshal Beresford's orders. He arrived too late to prevent the battle of Albuhera: and renewed the siege of Badajoz, which that battle had interrupted. While this was pur-

sued with miserably inadequate means, and with a heavy loss of men, Soult and Marmont formed a junction, to relieve the garrison. The British general could not afford to win such victories as Albuhera ; he therefore raised the siege, re-crossed the Guadiana, and taking up a position within the Portuguese frontier, defied their collected force, which he knew could not long be kept together. While Lord Wellington, acting upon this confidence, baffled, with consummate skill, the efforts of an enemy greatly superior in numbers, he was secretly preparing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. The first business was to restore the works at Almeida, so as to make it a secure place of deposit for his artillery and stores. There was a possibility that the place might be reduced by blockade ; for standing in a hostile country, sixty miles from the nearest French cantonments, supplies could not be thrown in without an escort at least equal in number to the blockading force ; but it was not easy for the French to keep together so large an army when they had no magazines. With these views, as soon as Marmont and Soult had separated for want of supplies, Lord Wellington again returned to the Agueda, and by the middle of September, Ciudad Rodrigo was so much distressed, that Marmont, with between 60,000 and 70,000 men, was compelled to come to its relief. The allies retired behind the Coa, and the French papers boasted that they would have been driven to the lines of Lisbon, if the moment had been come which was fixed for that catastrophe ! When that moment should arrive, Marmont was to be joined by the army of the south, of whose unbroken force he boasted. Lord Wellington had his eye upon that force ; and General Hill, being detached against a division of 5,000 men under General Girard, who occupied the country about Caceres, surprised them completely, killed above 600, and took above 1,400 prisoners, with the whole of their artillery, baggage, stores, &c. This was the first act of enterprise that the British had attempted. While the French were astonished at the change of system in their enemies, General Hill continued to alarm them by repeated incursions ; and Lord Wellington, taking advantage of a moment when Marmont had detached part of his troops

to assist Suchet in the conquest of Valencia, brought up his battering train against Ciudad Rodrigo, invested it on the 8th of January, and carried it by storm on the 19th, four days before Marmont collected an army at Salamanca to march to its relief. As soon as the place was again rendered tenable, he delivered it to the Spaniards, appeared suddenly before Badajoz, invested it once more on the 16th March, and in twenty days was master also of that strong fortress. Both places were purchased at a heavy expense of life; for, owing to the deficiency of our military establishment in these important branches, that was accomplished by courage which ought to have been effected by art. But they were both points of the greatest importance; and admirable indeed was the skill by which a general, with less than 50,000 men, was enabled thus to take two fortresses of such magnitude, in spite of two French armies amounting to more than four-score thousand men. The tide of affairs had turned; Buonaparte was at this time preparing for a war in Russia; another breathing time was given to Spain; and England now began to feel her own strength, and to glory in her army and her general.

The Spaniards were now so sensible of Lord Wellington's services, that they created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and named him commander-in-chief of their armies. But this appointment added little to his actual means. The character of the Spaniards, such as it appears in history, had been strikingly exemplified during this war; nothing could subdue the spirit of the people, nothing could teach wisdom to their rulers. The Cortes, from which so much had been hoped, wasted their time in philosophical discussions, and in making a constitution after the fashion of the French philosophy; they removed many grievances, and they abolished that accursed tribunal, the Inquisition, which never should be mentioned without execration, but unfortunately they committed acts of great injustice against the clergy and the nobles, and most impolitically offended all the deepest prejudices of the nation. Little or nothing was done to improve their armies; and Lord Wellington had only his own troops and the Portuguese to rely upon, the latter indeed fully

equal to any service which might be required of them, but both together too few in number for the great opportunity which was presented. It was, however, possible that some striking exploit might rouse the government, and give the people an opportunity of again displaying themselves, as they had done at the commencement of the struggle. The first object was to impede the communication between Soult and Marmont, now carried on by a bridge of boats established in place of the fine bridge at Almaraz. This was defended by formidable works on both sides the river. General Hill, with his usual ability, surprised and destroyed them in May, and in June Lord Wellington advanced from the Agueda to Salamanca, took the forts which the French had constructed at that city, making 800 prisoners, and pursued Marmont to the Douro. Marmont concentrated his force on the right bank between Pollos and Tordesillas, having possession of all the bridges, and here he was joined by Bonnet's army from Asturias, giving him a considerable superiority over Lord Wellington, who then found it necessary to retreat. It was an awful sight to behold two great armies in an open and level country, moving in parallel lines, in full march, and frequently within half-cannon shot of each other, each waiting for some favourable moment in which the antagonist might be found at fault. The weather was at this time so sultry that, on one occasion, when the French pressed upon our rear and were driven out of the village by the bayonet, some of our men fainted with heat. On the 21st July the whole of the allied forces was assembled on the Tormes; the evening was overcast, and a thunderstorm began as the enemy took up their position;—the whole sky was kindled with almost continuous lightnings, and, in spite of heavy rain, the enemy's fires were seen along their line. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left and the allies their right, each upon one of two remarkable rocky points called the two Arapiles. Here the French general, who, confiding in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between

them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner when he was informed of this movement : he saw at once the advantage which had been given ; he rose in



such haste as to overturn the table, exclaimed that “Marmont’s good genius had forsaken him,” and in an instant was on horseback, issuing those orders which won the battle of Salamanca. He attacked the French immediately where they had thus weakened themselves, and overthrew their whole army from their left to their right, taking 7,000 prisoners, eleven guns, and two eagles. Marmont lost an arm in the action, and nothing but the coming on of night saved his army from total destruction. This was the most severe defeat which they had yet sustained, and the most humiliating. Hitherto we had been satisfied with repelling their attacks and remaining masters of the field of battle : Lord Wellington now drove them before him : he followed them to Valladolid, then leaving the pursuit, recrossed the Douro, and moved upon the capital. The intruder took flight for the second time from that city, and 1,700 men who were left in the Retiro surrendered to the British arms.

This was a bold movement: the allied army did not exceed 50,000 men, and the enemy had armies on all sides, amounting to more than thrice that number. Against these there was to be taken into the account, a hostile population, whom it was every where necessary to keep down by force; and numerous bodies of guerillas, who waged upon the invaders a consuming and disheartening war. Something Lord Wellington calculated upon a Spanish army in the south under Ballasteros, a man of admirable activity and courage: and he relied still more upon a diversion in Catalonia, where a British army from Sicily was to land to cooperate with the Catalans, whom Great Britain had too long suffered to struggle without support: they, of all the Spaniards, having made the greatest efforts, and received the least assistance. But Ballasteros carried with him through all stages of his military progress the habits of insubordination which he had learnt as a smuggler: and being instigated by some of those persons who were blindly and obstinately jealous of the British influence in Spain, he refused to obey Lord Wellington's orders at the most critical moment, saying, he should not think himself worthy to be called an Arragonese if he could thus consent to tarnish the honour of the Spanish army. The Regency immediately removed him from the command, and sent him into exile; but the evil was done; and Soult, who, in consequence of the advance upon Madrid, had broken up the long protracted siege of Cadiz, abandoned Seville, and evacuated the whole of Andalusia, was thus enabled to make his retreat unmolested, and prepare with a formidable force to act against Lord Wellington. The hopes of cooperation from the Sicilian army were not less cruelly disappointed: that army was not strong enough to land in Catalonia; it proceeded therefore to Alicante, and thereby enabling the Spanish army in that quarter again to come forward, prevented Suchet from moving upon Madrid; this was as much as so weak a force could do, but much more was required at such a crisis. There was yet another point to which Lord Wellington might look for support: the resources of Galicia had never been called forth since the French were driven out in 1809; it

was said that an army of 25,000 men were ready to act with him from thence, and able to make a stand if they were put in possession of Burgos. Marmont's army, now refitted under General Clausel, and amounting to 25,000 men, was advancing in this direction, and Lord Wellington judged it best to march against this part of the enemy's force, and obtain possession of Burgos, leaving half his army under Sir Rowland Hill, to observe the movements of Soult from the south.

The castle of Burgos is an old building, which the French had fitted for defence. These irregular fortifications are sometimes far stronger than they appear, and besieging armies have often suffered for estimating them too cheaply. Lord Wellington invested it on the 19th September; three 18-pounders and five 24-pounder iron howitzers were the whole of his artillery; but after what had been done at Rodrigo and Badajoz, it was supposed that nothing could resist the assault of British soldiers. There are situations in which no courage, however enterprising and desperate, can compensate for the want of science; the siege was undertaken almost without means of any kind, and the men, after failing in their first attempt, lost heart; they saw that the proper means were wanting, and that they were opposing bayonets and flesh and blood against artillery and stone walls. Ammunition also failed, and it was necessary to wait for a supply from St. Andero; thus, operations were protracted till Soult, with a superior force, began to threaten Sir Rowland Hill, and Clausel, having been strongly reinforced, was able to act on the offensive. The siege was then raised, after nearly five weeks perseverance, and the loss of 2000 men. It was necessary also to retire from Madrid. Sir Rowland Hill fell back and joined Lord Wellington on the retreat, and the French armies, to the amount of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse, formed their junction also in pursuit, upon the Tormes; the allies not exceeding 50,000, of which 9000 were cavalry. If a victory had been gained against such odds, it could not have been pursued; the retreat was therefore continued to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the campaign of 1812 was thus closed. As far as the commanders were concerned, the retreat was made

with excellent skill. "None," said Lord Wellington, "was ever known in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts; none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. The army met with no disaster, it suffered no privations but such as might have been prevented by due care on the part of the officers, and no hardships but what unavoidably arose from the inclemency of the weather." "For my part," said Marquis Wellesley, speaking in Parliament with becoming pride of his brother's conduct,—"for my part, were I called on to give my impartial testimony of the merits of your great general, I confess before Heaven, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they are:—I would go to the moments when difficulties pressed on him,—when he had but the choice of extremities,—when he was over-hung by superior strength! It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability!" But though this praise (and it is the highest which a general can acquire) was perfectly deserved, the ill effects of the repulse at Burgos were lamentably apparent in the retreat, and the soldiers became so insubordinate as to call forth a severe reprobation from the commander.

Mortifying as it was thus to have retreated, and deeply painful as it was thus to retire from Madrid, where the people had welcomed their deliverers with such enthusiastic joy, yet the campaign was productive of the most beneficial consequences. The only two fortresses which enabled the enemy to threaten Portugal had been wrested from him, a number of his troops, nearly equal to that of the whole allied army, had been destroyed, and the whole south of Spain delivered. The honours and rewards which Lord Wellington had so well deserved were now decreed him by his grateful country. The restrictions upon the regency having expired, the first use which the Prince Regent made of his new power was to create him a marquis of the united kingdom, and Parliament unanimously voted a grant of 100,000*l.* to purchase lands, and enable him to support the dignity of the peerage. In Portugal, he had already been made Count of Vimeiro and Marquis

of Torres Vedras, and now by a remarkable coincidence, the Prince of Brazil conferred upon him the additional title of Duke of Vittoria. The winter and early spring were spent in preparing for a campaign which might complete the great work of delivering the Peninsula : for this purpose Marquis Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government ; and the armies of that country were at length brought into a better state of discipline. In England also it was at last acknowledged, that the best economy in war is to spare no expense in doing the work speedily. Buonaparte had been driven from Russia ; and never had any army been overtaken with such tremendous vengeance, as that which in his wanton and blind ambition, he had led to Moscow. Prussia had seized the opportunity to throw off his yoke ; his whole force was now required for the struggle in Germany ;—and the British government, which in the worst times had bravely and wisely persisted in the arduous struggle, made full use of the favourable opportunity.

Notwithstanding Soult, with a considerable body of troops, had been called to Germany, there were still above 150,000 French in Spain ; but of these a great number were dispersed in garrisons, and Catalonia and Valencia required a large proportion. A force, however, of 70,000 was collected to oppose the allies ; it consisted of the whole armies of the south and the centre, with some divisions of the army of the north, and of the army of Portugal, whose name was still retained after its complete expulsion from that country. The puppet King Joseph was at their head, thinking it prudent to leave Madrid before he should be driven from it, that his last retreat might be more decorous than the former ; and Marshal Jourdan had the command. Their head-quarters were at Valladolid, when Marquis Wellington, towards the latter end of May, took the field with 80,000 men. The enemy retired from the Tormes as he advanced ; and he moved up the right bank of the Douro, crossed the Esla, and took their line of defence along the Douro completely in reverse ; they therefore necessarily retreated, and our cavalry, acting to advantage in the flat country, kept them so in check and cramped their movements, so as to

prevent a single attempt on their part, to discover the numbers, routes, or intentions of the British army. Burgos, which had opposed so formidable a resistance the preceding year, was abandoned and blown up: and our great commander, pursuing the same system, amused the enemy upon their main front, while three or four divisions, hastening forward by lateral roads on their flank, crossed the Ebro also, before they could take possession of its almost impregnable positions. These successes, which would have been considered as an ample reward for two or three general actions, were obtained by the skill of the general with scarcely the loss of a single life. The French, being deprived, by these admirable movements, of the advantage which they might have derived from these rivers, and the strength of the country about the Ebro, drew up for battle upon the river Zadora, near Vittoria; the high road to that city being in their centre, their left extended across the mountains to La Puebla de Arlanzon, and the right of their centre rested on a strong circular hill, which they covered with infantry, and with several brigades of guns, to defend the passage of the river. The position, though in other respects well chosen, was liable to be taken in flank, and Marquis Wellington saw at a glance where its weakness lay. He began the action on the right, where the Spaniards, under General Murillo, attacked the heights of La Puebla with great gallantry: their leader was wounded, but remained in the field; the French made great efforts to retain this ground, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient strength, and here the stress of the battle lay, reinforcements coming from both sides; but Sir Rowland Hill remained at last in possession of this important point, and being enabled to pass the river, and a defile which it formed, carried the village of Sabijana de Alara, in front of the enemy's position. This being lost, when the French perceived the centre of the allied army advancing to attack the hill above the Zadora, while Sir Rowland attacked their centre on the other side, they began to retire towards Vittoria in good order: meantime Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, cut off their retreat on the road to Bayonne. The contest was now carried close to the walls of Vittoria, and

was soon terminated. As an officer, who bore a part in this day's glorious work, well expressed it, "the French were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town." Every where they were attacked, and every where put to utter rout. They themselves had in many actions made greater slaughter of a Spanish army, but never in any instance had reduced even an army of raw volunteers to such a state of total wreck,—stores, baggage, artillery, every thing was abandoned,—one gun and one howitzer only were they able to carry off, and even that gun was taken before it could reach Pamplona. King Joseph attempted to escape in his coach, a pistol was discharged into the carriage, and he had just time to leave it, leap on horseback, and gallop off, while a party of dragoons impeded his pursuers. The number of prisoners was inconsiderable, for the French ran without making an attempt to form and rally, and the pursuit was not directed with the same skill as the attack. The number of killed and wounded was comparatively little, so speedily had the victory been won. The superiority of generalship on the part of the allies was indeed never more decidedly manifested, and such of the enemy as had been in action with the English before, did not fight the better for the recollection. Marshal Jourdan's staff was among the spoils, which resembled those of an Oriental rather than of a European army; for the intrusive king, who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality, had with him all his luxuries and treasures, and the French officers, who carry the pestilential manners of their country wherever they go, followed their example as far as their means allowed. The finest wines and choicest delicacies were found in profusion; the baggage was presently rifled, and the soldiers attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy; they who happened to draw a female wardrobe in the lottery, converting silks, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some, who were more fortunate, got possession of the army chest, and loaded themselves with bullion. "Let them," was the general's reply, when

he was informed of it; "they have fought well, and deserve all they can find, were it ten times more."



The blow which was thus struck at Vittoria was felt in Germany, and Soult was sent to collect fresh armies and oppose the victorious general, whose name was now become terrible to the French troops. But Marquis Wellington was now master of the field, and Soult could neither recover his footing in Spain, nor prevent the allies from invading France. We pass rapidly over the brilliant achievements that ensued,—the battles of the Pyrenees, the recovery of St. Sebastian and Pampluna, (places of which the enemy had obtained possession by the foulest treachery, and which were now wrested from him by the united armies of Great Britain and Portugal, and Spain,—nations whom he had so often insulted, and whose union he had so often affected to despise,) the passage of the Adour, the battle of Orthies, the restoration of the Bourbons at Bourdeaux, and the last defeat of Soult before Thoulouse, where Marquis Wellington, anxious to avoid all further bloodshed when the termination of the war might so certainly be expected, permitted him and his

troops to file off under the cannon of the victorious army. Having beaten the French from the mouth of the Tagus to the Garonne, that war which he had commenced at the extremity of Portugal he concluded in the heart of France. For the present, we pass reluctantly over this glorious part of our national history, that we may have room for a few concluding observations.

Since the peace of Utrecht, in which the interests of Europe were sacrificed by that party spirit which is the reproach of England, our military reputation had declined. The American war contributed to lower us in the estimation of our neighbours; for, though the courage of our own men was never found wanting in the day of trial, the circumstances of the contest were such that, after the first season for vigorous measures had gone by, success became morally impossible. This was not taken into the account. The war ended to our loss; and the disgrace which should exclusively have attached to our councils, affected our arms also. When the Duke of York was made Commander-in-chief, our military establishments were in a wretched state; boys held commissions literally before they were out of leading-strings, and there was not a single institution in Great Britain wherein tactics were taught; the great general, whose exploits have been imperfectly sketched in these pages, was obliged to go to France to learn the elements of war. The Duke of York soon began a silent and efficient reform; abuse after abuse was removed, defect after defect supplied; but these improvements were known only to persons connected with the army, and its military character suffered materially in the Revolutionary war, from causes which are neither imputable to his Royal Highness, as commander, nor to the soldiers under him: for then also, as in the American war, they were placed in circumstances which rendered success impossible. The evil, however, was done. The enemy insulted us; the continental nations were persuaded that we were not a military people; and we, contenting ourselves with our acknowledged maritime supremacy, were but too ready to assent to an opinion, which in its consequences must have operated as a death-sentence upon national honour, national power, and national indepen-

ence. It is not too much to say, that our army would have sunk into contempt if the expedition to Egypt had not thrown some splendour over the close of a most ill-fated war. But the effect which that expedition produced upon public feeling soon passed away; and the French convinced themselves that our success had been owing to the incapacity of Menou, the disputes among their generals, and the universal desire of the troops to escape from Egypt,—any cause rather than the true one. A second war broke out; and while the enemy obtained the most signal victories, we had only the solitary battle of Maida to boast, which was upon so small a scale, and so nugatory in its political consequences, that probably half the continent have never heard of it, though our disgrace at Buenos Ayres was known every where.

Meantime the French had persuaded Europe, as well as themselves, that Buonaparte was the greatest military genius of ancient or of modern times; that his generals were all consummate masters in the art of war; and that his troops were, in every respect, the best in the world. This opinion was more than ever prevalent when Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in Portugal in 1809. The events which followed the battle of Vimeiro, and the retreat of Sir John Moore, had given the enemy cause for exultation; and the peace-party in England affirmed that defeat and ruin were inevitable if we persisted in contending against the invincible power of France. It is not possible to speak of this party with more severity than their ignorance, their presumption, and their pusillanimity have deserved. No effort on their part was ever wanting to deaden the hopes, to thwart the exertions, to disgust the allies, and encourage the enemies of their country. In their egregious folly they represented a continuance of the war in the Peninsula as not only insane, but wicked. “It would be blood-thirsty and cruel in us,” they said, “to foment petty insurrections, after the only contest is over from which any good can spring in the present important state of affairs,” (meaning the Austrian war in 1809.) “France has conquered Europe! This is the melancholy truth! Shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter.

For the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished!" Even after Massena was driven from Portugal, they canted about our "unprofitable laurels;" and when Lord Wellington had begun his career of victory, they insolently exclaimed, "Let us hear no more of objections to a Buonaparte reigning in Spain!" Happily our government was not influenced by such advisers. It had screwed its courage to the "sticking-place," but its exertions were not commensurate with the occasion; and for four years Lord Wellington was continually crippled by the inadequacy of his means. Yet even while thus crippled, he contended successfully against the undivided power of France; for during the years 1810 and 1811, Buonaparte had no other object than that of completing the conquest of the Peninsula. Foresight and enterprise with our commander went hand in hand; he never advanced, but so as to be sure of his retreat; and never retreated, but in such an attitude as to impose upon a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and never lost one. His movements were so rapid as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He foiled general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress; and raising the military character of Great Britain to its old standard in the days of Peterborough and Marlborough, made the superiority of the British soldier over the Frenchman as incontestible as that of the British seaman.

The spirit of the country rose with its successes. England once more felt her strength, and remembered the part which she had borne, and the rank which she had asserted in the days of her Edwards and her Henrys. Buonaparte had bestowed upon France the name of the Sacred Territory, boasting, as one of the benefits conferred upon her by his government, that France alone remained inviolable when every other part of the continent was visited by the calamities of war. That boast was no longer to hold good! Our victories in the Peninsula prepared the deliverance of Europe, and Lord Wellington led the way into France. A large portion of his army consisted of Portuguese and Spaniards, who had every imaginable reason to hate the people among whom they went as

conquerors ; they had seen the most barbarous cruelties perpetrated in their own country by the French soldiers, and it might have been supposed, prone as their national character was to revenge, that they would eagerly seize the opportunity of retaliation. But such was Lord Wellington's influence over the men whom he conducted to victory, that not an outrage, not an excess, not an insult was committed ; and the French, who had made war like savages in every country which they had invaded, experienced all the courtesies and humanities of generous warfare when they were invaded themselves. In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name is blessed by the people. Seldom indeed has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings ! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the half million, the honours and rewards which his prince and his country have so munificently and properly bestowed, are neither the only nor the most valuable recompence of his labours. There is something more precious than this, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he has secured by his military achievements ;—it is the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements have been directed, that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations ; for the safety, honour, and welfare of his own country, and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilized world. His campaigns have been sanctified by the cause ;—they have been sullied by no cruelties, no crimes ; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses ;—his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he may remember his victories among his good works.

END OF PART I.



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

PART II.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WHEN Buonaparte landed from the Isle of Elba, upon the last and guiltiest of his enterprises, he said, " Many persons have read the first volume of my life ; I shall give them a second." Happily for mankind the threatened work has been cut short, and a supplementary chapter will suffice to close the bloody chronicle of this tyrant's crimes. The late events,

"Wherewith all Europe rings from side to side."

belong to the life of Wellington also ; and now that our great commander has set the seal upon his former exploits, crowning them with a victory which, for its magnitude and consequences, has never been surpassed, we gladly take up the thread of his glorious history from the point at which we left off, at the close of the former Part.

The battle of the Nile, for which Nelson said *victory* was too weak a word, was not more complete than the battle of Vittoria. The French themselves, in their

greatest victories against the ill-disciplined and worse-commanded Spanish troops at Medellin, or at Oacana, had never seen an army so entirely dispersed, so irretrievably wrecked and ruined, as their own veteran forces were upon that memorable day. The whole of their baggage, the whole of their artillery, were left upon the field—one solitary howitzer being all that was carried off. The plunder, the wardrobe, the sideboard, the larder, and the cellar of the mock King Joseph, fell into the conquerors' hands. So little did he and his generals seem to apprehend the possibility of such a defeat, that the superior officers had not even taken the precaution of placing their wives and mistresses in safety. The wife of Count Gazan, the second in command, was among the women who were taken : they were all sent to Pampluna the following day in their own carriages, and with a flag of truce. The battle of Salamanca had effected the deliverance of Seville and the kingdom of Andalusia : that of Vittoria produced the deliverance of Arragon and Zaragoza, a more deserving city and a nobler people, after that famous capital had been four years, four months, and sixteen days (for the Zaragozans numbered the days of their captivity), under the yoke of the French. That city had been defended with the utmost heroism by Palafox, a man whose virtues were equal to the occasion out of which they grew, and with which they seem to have ended. It was recovered by Espoz y Mina, the Scanderbeg of Spain ; who, having long and gloriously laboured for the independence of his country, made a gallant effort in behalf of her liberties, and whose sterling worth was proved in the balance when Palafox was found wanting. Palafox deserves the rank and honours which he holds by those deeds which made him the admiration of Europe, though it was not for those deeds that he obtained them ; but Espoz y Mina also has his reward ; proscribed, and in exile, he has his reward in the sympathy of all generous minds, in the testimony which history will bear to his principles as well as his exploits, and in his own heart,—the highest and most enduring reward, now and for ever.*

* And here we may take the opportunity of mentioning a fact which is highly characteristic of Spanish punctilio and of the personal honour

The flight of the French from Vittoria was favoured by the weather; it rained heavily on the succeeding days, and this, with the consequent state of the roads, in some degree slackened the pursuit, the pursuers being impeded by obstacles which were disregarded by men flying for their lives. The fugitives took shelter in Pampluna, and Marshal Jourdan had time to throw between 3000 and 4000 men into St. Sebastian's before the allies could lay siege to it. Pampluna and St. Sebastian's were two of the four fortresses which Buonaparte thought it necessary to obtain possession of, before he threw off the mask and declared his intention of dethroning the Bourbon dynasty, and usurping Spain. Both are strong places; Pampluna one of the strongest in the Peninsula; this city might be taken by the slow and certain means of blockade: but St. Sebastian's was so near the French coast, that no maritime superiority, and no vigilance on our part, could prevent it from receiving supplies by sea; Lord Wellington, therefore, besieged the one, and blockaded the other; Sir Thomas Graham directed the siege; the force before Pampluna was chiefly Spanish, under the Count de Abisbal, and the Commander-in-Chief posted the rest of the allied forces so as to afford protection to both. The struggle for the Peninsula was now indeed decided; the enemy had been driven beyond the Pyrenees, and though they still kept the field in Catalonia, it was evident that, whatever might be the issue of events in Germany, Portugal and Spain, by the aid of Great Britain, had recovered and secured their independence. But Buonaparte was not yet so humbled as to withdraw from a war which he had so wickedly and wantonly provoked; neither

of Mina. When he had made his escape into France from persecution at home, he was, we know not under what weak pretence, arrested under the King of France's orders. Louis, however, though he had not the firmness to set the Spanish patriot at liberty, was yet too just to give him up to his pursuers—he therefore permitted Mina to reside in France on his parole of honour. When, on the irruption of Buonaparte, the king was driven out of France, Mina, instead of feeling released from his parole, or of compromising with the usurper, made his way through France to Ghent, to present himself to the King, and to receive his Majesty's commands as to the place, either of confinement or parole, where he was to reside.

indeed was it in his power, if he had been thus disposed. Portugal, and Spain, and England, were not to be duped by his insidious policy ; the war would be carried into France if he could not continue it in Spain, and he understood his art too well to wait for the attack without making an effort to avert it. The wreck of his armies of Portugal, of the centre, and of the north, were collected : their ranks, which had so often been thinned, were filled by a new conscription, and Marshal Soult was sent back from Germany to take the command.

Of all the French generals employed in Spain, Soult had obtained the highest reputation ; and undoubtedly he is entitled to the praise of those authors who write history with a mere military feeling, reckless of humanity and without regard to right and wrong. But in the annals of Spain and Portugal, Marshal Soult will deservedly be recorded with lasting infamy. In a memorable despatch, which the peasantry of Galicia intercepted, he had complained of the moral debility of some of his officers, and given it as his opinion that the generals who were employed in such a war ought to be men whose hearts no circumstances could soften : *dans le genre de guerre que nous faisons, et avec l'espèce d'ennemis qu'il y a à combattre, il importe beaucoup au succès des opérations, que les chefs qui sont à la tête des troupes, soient non seulement impassibles, mais qu'ils aient une force d'âme qui les mette en toute circonstance au-dessus des événemens même les plus fâcheux.* This *impassibility*, or, in other words, this Satanic indifference to the means which he used, the crimes which he committed, and the misery which he occasioned, Marshal Soult possessed almost as completely as the monster whom he served. On taking the command in Andalusia, he had issued a proclamation stating that, as there could be no Spanish army, except that of King Joseph, all persons in arms, whatever might be their number, and whoever might be their commander, should be treated as banditti, and all who were taken, immediately condemned and shot, and their bodies exposed along the highways. This system he proclaimed, and upon this system he acted, till the Spanish government put an end to it, by declaring, with becoming spirit, that for every

Spaniard who might thus be murdered, they would put three Frenchmen to death. These services, with the massacre at Porto, and the manner in which he kept down the people of Andalusia under his iron rule, recommended him to Buonaparte not less than his military talents : in policy, as well as in war, Soult was a general after the tyrant's own heart, and he was now appointed Lieutenant of the Emperor, and Commander-in-Chief of the French armies in Spain. Upon assuming the command, he issued an address to his troops, containing more truth than was usually admitted into a French state-paper, but sufficiently savoured with misrepresentations and falsehoods. "The armies of France," he said, "guided by the powerful and commanding genius of the Emperor, had achieved, in Germany, a succession of victories as brilliant as any that adorned their annals. But in the interim, the English who, under the pretence of succouring the inhabitants of the Peninsula, had, in reality, devoted them to ruin, had taken advantage of the opportunity afforded them : a skilful leader might have braved and discomfited their motley levies ; and who could doubt what would have been the result of the day at Vittoria if the general had been worthy of his troops." "Let us not, however," he continued, "defraud the enemy of the praise which is their due. The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive ; the valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character ; and that whenever the relative duties of a French general and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight." Marshal Soult did justice in one part of his address to Lord Wellington ; but this latter assertion strikingly shows the character of the boastful and vain-glorious people whom he was addressing : he himself had been repulsed by a far inferior British force at Corunna, had been driven from Porto, and defeated in the bloody field at Albuhera ; he was addressing men who had been beaten at Vimeiro, beaten at Talavera, beaten at Busaco, beaten at Fuentes d'Onoro, routed at Salamanca, and scattered like sheep at Vittoria ; they had been driven

from Lisbon to Bayonne, and yet this general, who had so often been baffled, could address this language to the very troops who had so often been defeated! "The present situation of the army," he pursued, "is imputable to others; let the merit of repairing it be yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and your zeal: his instructions are to drive the enemy from these heights, which enable them proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and to chase them across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and your resources drawn. Let the account of our successes be dated from Vittoria, and the birthday of his Imperial Majesty be celebrated in that city."

While Marshal Soult was preparing for one great effort which might relieve the two fortresses, put the invaders again in possession of Navarre and Biscay, and lay open for them the way to Madrid, the siege of St. Sebastian's was prosecuted with the same unhappy substitution of bravery for science which had distinguished all our former operations of this kind. A breach having been made, the troops attempted to storm it July 25th; but the covered approaches did not come within 300 yards of the breach, the way was over very difficult ground,—rocks covered with sea-weed, and intermediate pools of water; the breach was flanked by two towers, and the fire of the place was entire; against such difficulties not even the determined courage of the British and Portuguese could prevail, and they retired with the loss of 500 killed and wounded. The approach of Marshal Soult, occasioned a temporary suspension of the siege; it was thought prudent to embark the battering artillery and stores, and convert it into a blockade till the issue of the expected battle was known.

The French army consisted of nine divisions of infantry, two of dragoons, and one of light cavalry. The right was under General Reille, the centre under Comte d'Erlon, and the left under General Clausel. The allies were posted in the passes of the Pyrenees; the sentries of the two armies were in some places within 150 yards of each other; and the hostile forces were encamped upon opposite heights within half cannon-shot. In a national war, such as that of the Portuguese and Spaniards, there can be no

traces of courtesy and mutual humanity; but it was a military contest here, and the two armies offered no molestation to each other in the intervals of the game of war.

The right of the allied army was at Roncesvalles. This famous pass was occupied by Major-General Byng's brigade of British infantry, and a Spanish division under General Murillo; Sir Lowry Cole was at Viscarret, about four miles in their rear, to support them, and General Picton at Olaque, six miles further back, with his division of reserve. Sir Rowland Hill occupied the valley of Bastan, about ten miles from Roncesvalles, on the left, with the remainder of the second division, and the Portuguese division of the Conde de Amarante, an officer who had added new honours to the old and honourable name of Silveira. The sixth division, under General Pakenham, was in reserve at St. Esteban, about six miles in the rear of Sir Rowland. The light and seventh divisions were twelve miles to his left, and somewhat more advanced; and General Longa (a distinguished guerilla chief) kept the communication between these troops and Sir Thomas Graham, who, with the Spanish Mariscal, del Campo Giron, was on the great road. On the 24th, Marshal Soult attacked General Byng at Roncesvalles, with between 30,000 and 40,000 men. Sir Lowry Cole moved up to his support, and they maintained their post against this great superiority of number throughout the day: but in the afternoon their position was turned, and therefore they retreated in the night to Zuberi. On the afternoon of the same day two divisions of the enemy's centre attacked Sir Rowland Hill; here their attack was favoured by an unexpected chance. Two advanced videttes who had been posted on some high ground to give timely notice of their approach, fell asleep during the heat of the day; the enemy, in broad day-light, was thus enabled to advance unseen, and the French were in the very camp almost as soon as the alarm was given. This was a most important advantage; they gained the position; which gave them a passage to Pampluna in the rear of the British right flank; and though Sir Rowland, after a heavy loss, recovered the key of the position, he did not think it prudent

to pursue the advantage and re-assume it, having now been apprised of General Cole's intended movements. He fell back to Irurita. Lord Wellington was apprised of these events during the night, and immediately took measures for concentrating the army on the right, providing still for the siege of St. Sebastian's, and for maintaining the blockade of Pampluna, to the relief of which the enemy's efforts were immediately directed. This would have been accomplished early on the 27th, if the post at Zuberi, to which the right of the allies had retreated, had been tenable; but Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Lowry Cole concurred in opinion that it was not, and retired on that morning to take up a position for covering the blockade about four miles from Pampluna, and within sight of that city; here they were joined by Lord Wellington as they were taking up their ground. The hopes of the garrison had now been raised to the highest pitch; the state of things appeared so doubtful to the Spanish general, that he prepared to raise the blockade, and actually spiked some of his guns, and the enemy sallying at this time, took fourteen pieces of cannon. But their exultation and their hopes were of no long continuance. The French commenced their attack upon a hill on the right, and vainly endeavoured to gain possession of it, till night put an end to the conflict. On the following morning General Pakenham arrived with the sixth division from St. Esteban, and formed across the valley of the Lauz in the rear of General Cole's left. They had scarcely taken their position when they were attacked by a very large force; but the post had been so well chosen and was so well defended, that the enemy were at once assailed by a fire on their front and rear, and both flanks, and were soon driven back with immense loss. This was a false move which Marshal Soult never recovered; the battle became general along the whole front of the height which the fourth division occupied: in one point only the enemy succeeded in establishing themselves upon the British line, and from that they were driven down. Every regiment in this division charged with the bayonet; the 40th, the 7th, the 20th, and the 23d, made four different charges. The event of this day's operations taught Marshal Soult

how little he could hope for success against such an antagonist; the intention of dating his account of the battle from Vittoria, and celebrating the emperor's birthday in that city was postponed *sine die*, and on the evening of the 28th, he sent back his guns to St. Jean de Pied de Port, while they could yet be sent back in safety. But another chance for victory was presented, and Soult was not a man to let any opportunity escape him.

The very superior force before which Sir Rowland Hill had retired, followed his march, and reaching Ortez on the 29th, brought a powerful reinforcement to the enemy. Their position upon the mountains was, in Lord Wellington's judgment, one of the strongest and most difficult of access that he had ever seen occupied. While they were endeavouring to turn the British left by an attack on Sir Rowland, Lord Wellington attacked this formidable position on both flanks and in front, and carried it notwithstanding the extraordinary strength of the ground. In proportion as he gained ground he despatched troops to support Sir Rowland, which enabled him to attack in his turn; and the enemy, being now baffled in all points, began their retreat, which they effected in good order, but not without severe loss. Soult's expectations of success had been very sanguine, for he brought with him a large body of cavalry, and a great number of guns, neither of which arms could be used to any great extent among the Pyrenees. His loss was estimated at 15,000; that of the British and Portuguese was 862 killed, 5,335 wounded, 701 missing; but few of the Spaniards were engaged, and that only on one day; their loss was stated in the Government Gazettes at 204. General Sarrazin supposes that the slaughter on both sides was equal, amounting to about 8000 men each; he does not know, or perhaps cannot believe the fidelity, with which the returns are made public in the British service, and he neglects to ask himself, if the loss was equal, why his countrymen should have abandoned the field? The battles of the Pyrenees were remarkable for the extent upon which the operations were carried on, the nature and celebrity of the ground, and the importance of the object at stake. Lord Wellington had never more

occasion for all his skill, and that skill was never more eminently displayed: his movements were all well directed, well timed, and well executed; and the superiority of the British and Portuguese armies, generals, and men, was never more decisively proved than on this occasion, when the French displayed their utmost talents, and exerted their utmost courage.

The stores and besieging train, which had been embarked, were now re-landed; more artillery arrived from England; the siege of St. Sebastian's was renewed with more powerful means, and, on the last day of August, the breach was stormed. "Never," said Sir Thomas Graham, "was any thing so fallacious as its external appearances." Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter, and there only by single files, exposed to the fire of the horn-work. At the back of the whole breach was a perpendicular fall, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, under which were the ruins of the houses which joined the breach, and the only means of descending were by the end walls of these houses where they were in part left standing. The enemy occupied a line of retrenchment along the nearest parallel walls, which swept the summit of the breach; during the suspension of the siege, they had had ample leisure to provide for defence; great numbers were covered by intrenchments and traverses, in the horn-work, on the ramparts of the curtain, and in the town opposite to the breach. The storming parties for two hours vainly endeavoured to gain the summit; fresh troops were sent on successively, as fast as they could be filed out of the trenches, but not a man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge: the obstacles appeared insuperable, and the attack desperate, when General Graham ventured upon a measure which had never before been practised, and which shows at once the emergency of the case, and the skill of his artillerists; he ordered the guns to be turned against the curtain; from the superior height of the curtain this was just practicable; a heavy fire was directed against it, passing only a few feet over the heads of the troops on the breach, "and kept up," says Sir Thomas, "with a precision beyond all example." This occasioned a severe

loss to the enemy, and is believed to have set fire to a quantity of combustibles within the breach, after the explosion of which the French began to waver. The breach was then won, and the victorious assailants forced their way into the town. The castle soon surrendered after the fall of the town.



Some partizans of France, who wished to exasperate the Spaniards against their allies, published in one of the Cadiz papers, under the form of a letter from St. Sebastian's, an account of the excesses committed when that place was taken by storm, accusing the English of having plundered the churches, set fire to the town, and committed atrocities of every kind, and of having thus lost the favourable time for pursuing their success, and winning the castle. The charge has been repeated by a French officer, M. Carel, in a sketch of the Peninsular war, published during the second reign of Buonaparte. To enumerate the misrepresentations in M. Carel's book would require a book of the same bulk, for the whole volume is one tissue of continued falsehood. The charge being publicly made at the time was rigorously inquired

into. It appeared that the allied troops, flushed with success, pursued the enemy in hopes of winning the castle, and that some of the officers were reproved for not having withheld them from attempting what was absolutely impossible; that the churches had been converted into quarters, hospitals, and stables, by the French garrison,—of course, if the soldiers plundered them, their spoil was not likely to consist of church plate: that Lord Wellington, during the siege, had expressly ordered Sir Thomas Graham not to set fire to the town; that when the troops entered, the flames broke out in many places, at the same time, and that most certainly our men did not kindle them, unless they intended to burn themselves. As for assassinating friends and enemies indiscriminately, the French perhaps accused the allies of it, because they themselves are familiar with such practices. When Nelson attacked the flotilla at Boulogne, as soon as any of their own boats ceased firing, the French fired into them from the shore, not caring how many of their countrymen and comrades they murdered, so that they might kill some of the assailants. At the battle of Trafalgar, four French vessels under Rear Admiral Dumanoir made their escape; they had borne no part in the action, but when they were seeking safety in flight, they poured their broadsides into the Spanish ships which had struck; and they were seen to back their topsails for the purpose of firing with more precision. They who committed crimes like these, may have been thought deserving of reward under Buonaparte; but these actions, and such as these, display the national character. Thus it is that the French have acted to their allies, and to their own countrymen. When the British and their allies took St. Sebastian's by storm, after suffering severely in the enterprise, exasperated as men are in such situations, and provoked still farther by seeing that the town was set on fire, they came upon six hundred of the enemy, who, finding it impossible to escape, surrendered at discretion: our troops had humanity enough to grant them their lives; there, as at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, they did not enforce the right which the laws of war allowed,—laws which, in this instance where they seem most severe, are in reality

most merciful ; and which we could *therefore* wish to see more frequently exercised. Is it not a mere encouragement to a profligate expenditure of human life, that the bloody traitors who compose the garrisons of Huningen, Gaeta, or Vincennes, should be permitted to capitulate upon terms ? With regard to the excesses committed in the town, it appeared, that the charge was not without foundation : so many officers had fallen in the assault, that the men found themselves without restraint ; but the speediest means were taken by Sir Thomas Graham and Lord Wellington to put a stop to this license, and punish the offenders. The difference then between the conduct of the allies at St. Sebastian's, and that of the French at Porto, Tarragona, &c. is, that the crimes which the former committed were checked as soon as they could be by the generals, and acknowledged as things which they had not been able to prevent, but which they had punished and severely condemned : those of the French,—of Marshals Soult, Suchet, Massena, &c. were systematic and predetermined ; they were boasted of in bulletins and official reports—the men were neither checked nor reproved by their generals, and the generals were rewarded by their emperor.

On the day that St. Sebastian's was taken, the enemy crossed the Bidassoa, and made their last effort in Spain for its relief. They attacked the Spanish troops along the whole front of their position, with a very large force ; their repeated attempts were as repeatedly repulsed, and the Spaniards had the honour of defeating them without receiving any assistance from the British or Portuguese. The military character of the Spaniards had suffered during the revolution, though the national character assuredly never, in the most splendid periods of their history, stood so high ; but, in spite of all the obstacles which a succession of incompetent and suspicious governments interposed, an effectual reform had at length been accomplished. The splendid services of The Lord (as the Spaniards called him, by an appellation (*El Lord*) which looks almost as oddly in Castilian as it sounds in English) were now universally acknowledged, and, after years of patience and fruitless persuasion on his part, the Spaniards

had consented to let their troops acquire, under his auspices, the same discipline which had raised the Portuguese armies to such deserved celebrity. The delay of this measure had occasioned a cruel prolongation of the miseries of Spain, and to England a heavy expense of blood and treasure; it was now accomplished: and Buonaparte, had he been in the plenitude of his power, might have trembled for the result. He was collecting his utmost force for the struggle in Germany at this time, and men could no longer be allotted by the hundred thousand for the consumption of Spain! A levy of 30,000, however, was ordered to reinforce Marshal Soult's army; this, M. Regnaud (who has modestly added to his name that of the place of his birth, St. Jean d'Angely) said, would suffice to stop the successes upon which the enemy was congratulating himself too soon, to resume the attitude which was becoming France, and to prepare the moment when England should no longer dispose of the treasures of Mexico for the devastation of both Spains! The special commission, which made their report upon this occasion by M. Beurnonville, spoke in the same strain, and their language becomes doubly curious when compared with the events which immediately followed. "England," said the orator, "who intrigues much and hazards little, has not dared to compromise her land forces by sending them to combat in the north of Germany, and uniting them to the Russian and Prussian phalanxes; she feared the results which she could not but foresee, and which would be irreparable for her." Even a Frenchman will hardly read this without some feeling analogous to shame, and some tingling in the cheeks, when he remembers the battle of Waterloo. "In this thorny conjecture," he pursues, "and that it might have the appearance of doing something for the powers whom it had set to play, the cabinet of London had preferred mingling the English troops with the Spanish and Portuguese *bands*, being sure of withdrawing them without inconvenience, and according to its interest. Hence that sudden augmentation of force which had determined our armies to a retrograde movement; and these *bands*, encouraged by some ephemeral successes, have carried

their audacity so far as to invest the places of St. Sebastian's and Pampluna." Buonaparte's ministers never thought proper to inform the senate that these bands very soon carried their audacity a little farther, and took them both. "The proposed levy," it was added, "would enable the armies of the Peninsula to resume their ancient attitude."

The special commission was mistaken: it was England who resumed her ancient attitude, who resumed and reasserted her military superiority upon that ground where her Plantagenets had so often displayed it; her victorious armies were preparing at this time to plant their banners in France, leading the way to the general invasion of what had been boastfully styled the sacred territory. On the 7th October, 1813, Marquis Wellington crossed the Bidassoa. General Graham effected the passage on the left with the first and fifth divisions, and a Portuguese brigade; they carried the enemy's entrenchments about and above Andaye at the point of the bayonet; and General Graham, having thus established within the French border the troops whom he had so often led to victory, resigned the command to Sir John Hope, who had arrived the preceding day. The Spanish troops under General Freyre crossed at the same time above the British and Portuguese, attacked and carried the entrenchments on the Montagne Verte and the height of Mandale, and thus turned the enemy's left. Their right was attacked with equal success by Skerrett's brigade under Colonel Colborne; Baron Alten, with the light division, and the Spanish General Longa with his troops, carried the entrenchments in the Puerto de Vera, and the Camp Marshal Don Pedro Giron, with the Andalusian army of reserve, attacked, at the same time, the enemy's posts on Mount La Rhune, immediately on the right of the light division. Mount La Rhune is a remarkable spot, the possession of which had been obstinately contested in the war of 1794, because its summit served as a watch-tower, from which the whole country between the Pyrenees and Bayonne might be observed. The mountain itself is within the French territory; but there is a hermitage (or, more properly speaking, a chapel) on its

summit, which used to be supported at the joint expense of the villages of Vera in Spain, and of Sarre, Ascaïn, and Orogne in France,—people of different nations, different languages, and hostile feelings, being there drawn together by the bond of their common faith. This hermitage the French now occupied as a military post; repeated attempts were made to take it by storm, but it was found impossible to ascend the rock on which it stands; and the enemy remained that night in possession of this post, and of a rock on the same range of the mountains with the right of the Spanish troops. On the following morning, when the fog had cleared up, and Lord Wellington could reconnoitre the mountain, he perceived that it was least difficult of access on its right, and that the attack might advantageously be connected with an attempt on the enemy's works in front of the camp of Sarre. He made his arrangements accordingly: Don Pedro Giron won the rock on the right, followed up his success, and carried an entrenchment upon a hill which protected the right of the camp; the enemy then evacuated all their works in order to defend the approaches to the camp; these posts were instantly occupied, and Giron established a battery on the rock of the Hermitage. Night prevented further operations—opportunely for the enemy, who retired under cover of the darkness both from the Hermitage and the camp, and the allied armies pitched their tents in France. The British loss in these two days was 579 killed, wounded, and missing; that of the Portuguese 233; that of the Spaniards 750.

The country which the contending armies occupied had been well disputed in 1793 and 1794, during the heat of the French Revolution: men whose names have since become conspicuous served then in both armies; Mendizabel and Romana among the Spaniards; among the French, Latour d'Auvergne, Moncey, one of the very few French marshals who has preserved a tolerable character, and Laborde, who will be remembered for his rapacity in Portugal, and for having been the first French general whom Wellington defeated. In that war, the Spaniards fought under the disadvantages of a wretched administration, an ill disciplined and worse provided

army, and a revolutionary spirit in some of their own countrymen ; yet, under all these disadvantages, they made a longer and sturdier resistance in the Pyrenees than the French displayed when it was now their turn to defend the passes and protect their own country from invasion. But honourable as it was for the armies of England, Portugal, and Spain, thus to have driven the enemy from Cadiz and Lisbon to the Pyrenees, and to pursue him into his own territories, the spirit in which that invasion was undertaken was not less honourable to the allied nations than the success of their arms.

"Private property," said the Marquis of Wellington, in his general orders, "must be respected. The Commander of the Forces is particularly desirous that the inhabitants should be well treated. Officers and soldiers must recollect that their nations are at war with France, solely because the ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke ; and they must not forget that most of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal have been occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and their cruelties, authorised and encouraged by their chiefs, towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country. To avenge this conduct upon the peaceable inhabitants of France would be unmanly and unworthy of the nations, to whom the Commander of the Forces now addresses himself."

Upon entering France, the allies found themselves, for the first time, in their enemy's country, and that enemy one whom they had every imaginable reason to abhor. They disregarded the wise and humane orders by which Lord Wellington had endeavoured to prepare them for this event, and some of the officers were more culpable than the troops, for they made no exertions to prevent the outrages which they saw. Lord Wellington, as soon as he was informed of this misconduct, republished his former orders, accompanying them with a severe reprimand. "The Commander of the Forces," said he, "has already determined that some officers so grossly negligent of their duty shall be sent to England, that their names may be brought under the attention of the Prince

Regent, and that his Royal Highness may give such directions respecting them as he may think proper, as the Commander of the Forces is determined not to command officers who will not obey his orders." It was now seen how much the moral conduct and character of an army depends upon the general; this act of well-timed severity was so effectual, that never, perhaps, since the days of the great Gustavus, was such discipline observed in an enemy's country; even the Spaniards and Portuguese, whom it might have been thought almost impossible to restrain from indulging a spirit of revenge, which had been so wantonly and cruelly provoked, obeyed the injunctions of him who had led them to victory; and demeaned themselves with such good order and humanity, that the French, says Mr. Broughton, often said their own armies were the foes whom they chiefly dreaded. M. Carel admits this. He says the English conducted themselves in the kindest and gentlest manner, and paid for all the requisitions which they made, while the French were obliged to levy contributions, and take away the cattle and the grain of the inhabitants by force; the conduct of his own countrymen he does not think it necessary to account for, that of the English he explains, by saying that they behaved well to the inhabitants, because they were afraid of them. This is more than usually candid in M. Carel; for once he deals fairly towards the English, and ascribes their good order to the only motive which could make a French army demean itself with common humanity—the only one therefore which he was capable of conceiving.

Pampluna surrendered on the last day of October. The Spanish general, Don Carlos D'Espagna, set an example of proper spirit upon this occasion; he refused to grant any terms to the garrison till it was ascertained that none of the inhabitants had perished during the blockade either from ill-treatment or want. The recovery of this important fortress set the right wing of the allied army at liberty for further operations; and the Marquis of Wellington prepared to attack the position which the enemy had for three months been fortifying with the greatest care. Their right rested upon the sea in front of St. Jean de Luz, and

on the left of the Nivelle ; their centre on La Petite La Rhune in Sarre, and on the heights behind that village ; their left was on the right of the river, on a strong height behind the village of Anhoue, and on the mountain of Mondarin, which protected the approach to it. The position was strong by nature, and the whole of it had been well fortified, the right in particular being of such strength that Lord Wellington did not deem it expedient to attack in front. The intended attack was delayed two days by heavy rains which rendered the roads impracticable. The object was to force the enemy's centre, and establish our army in the rear of their right ; the attack, therefore, was made in columns of divisions, each led by the general officer who commanded it, and each forming its own reserve. The movement of the right was directed by Sir Rowland Hill, the right of the centre by Marshal Beresford, the cavalry by Sir Stapleton Cotton, and the left by Sir John Hope. The attack began at day-light : Sarre and the positions on La Petite La Rhune were carried, and the enemy were then driven from their main position behind the river by Generals Cole, Colville, Giron, and Baron Alten. Their left was attacked with equal intrepidity and equal success, being separated from the centre ; and when the day closed, the allies were established in the rear of the enemy's right. Marshal Soult did not wait for the morning ; he retired during the night upon Bidart, destroying the bridges upon the lower Nivelle ; the following day the allies had no other obstacles to contend with than the river, and roads which heavy rains had rendered almost impassable ; but these obstacles impeded them during the day, and on the second night the enemy again fell back, and took shelter in an entrenched camp before Bayonne. Fifty-one pieces of cannon, six tumbrils of ammunition, and 1,400 prisoners were taken by the conquerors. The British loss was 2,112, the Portuguese 582 : that of the Spaniards is not stated. The Portuguese were thanked by Marshal Beresford not only for their conduct in the battle, but for their regular deportment in quarters and towards the inhabitants. "The Portuguese soldiers," said he, "have not only proved their superiority over the French in the field

and in military qualifications, but they have evinced to the French nation how much they excel the French troops in point of morals, humanity, and good behaviour."

The denominations of the army of Portugal, of the south, and of the centre, having now become absurd, Marshal Soult re-formed his army into six divisions, under Generals Foy, D'Armagnac, Taupin, D'Arrican, Leval, and Villatte ; Count D'Erlon commanded the right wing, Baron Clausel the left, and Count Reille the centre : General Gazan was *chef de l'état major-général*. The enemy now occupied a position in front of Bayonne, which they had been laboriously fortifying since their defeat at Vittoria. Bayonne itself is a place memorable in military history for the invention of the bayonet, a weapon which in British hands has proved more destructive than any other, to the nation by which it was invented. In the war of the French Revolution, Bayonne would not have been tenable against a single division of an enemy's army ; the war of the Usurpation made it immediately a place of great importance, as a dépôt for the French, and it was well fortified to secure it against a sudden attack from the English, before the possibility of any more serious danger had been contemplated. The position which Marshal Soult occupied was under the fire of the fortress, the right resting upon the Adour, and covered in front by a morass occasioned by a rivulet which falls into that river. The right of the centre rested upon this same morass, and its left upon the river Nieve. The left was between the Nieve and the Adour, resting on the latter river, defending the former, and communicating with a division of the army of Catalonia, under General Paris, which was at St. Jean Pied de Port. This was an excellent position ; and as long as the enemy remained in force in it, it was impossible to attack them. Lord Wellington would have passed the Nieve immediately after the passage of the Nivelle, if the weather had permitted ; but heavy rains falling in the beginning of December had swollen all the rivulets and made the roads impassable, the soil being deep and miry. As soon as the state of the weather and the roads would allow, materials for forming bridges

were collected, and preparations made; and on the 9th Sir Rowland Hill, with the right of the army, crossed about Cambo, Marshal Beresford supporting him by passing a division across at Ustaritz. Both operations succeeded, and the enemy, being immediately driven from the right bank, retired towards Bayonne: they assembled a considerable force on a range of heights running parallel with the Adour; but these heights, with the adjoining village of Ville Franche, were carried also, and with these advantages the day closed. On the following morning Soult made a bold attempt upon the left of the British force under Sir John Hope, leaving no more men than were necessary to occupy the works opposite to Sir Rowland. The ability, coolness, and judgment of Sir John Hope on this occasion were such, that Lord Wellington says he could not sufficiently applaud them; and the attempt, though well planned and resolutely made, was completely defeated by a comparatively small part of the British force. Some feebler attempts in the same quarter with the same ill-success were made on the 11th and 12th. Marshal Soult, having thus failed with his whole force to produce any effect upon the left of the allies, passed through Bayonne in the night, and, in the morning of the 13th, made a most desperate attack upon the right under Sir Rowland. This was an able movement: but Soult was opposed by an adversary who foresaw every movement with the eye of a master, and was every where prepared as well for defence as for attack. Lord Wellington had despatched reinforcements to the right in expectation of this attack, but before they could arrive, Sir Rowland had repulsed and defeated the enemy with great loss. The movements which Marshal Soult made on the subsequent days, were in like manner foreseen and baffled; and being thus frustrated in every attempt to dislodge the allies, the main body of the French retreated from Bayonne, and marched up the right bank of the Adour towards Dax.

At the close of one of these actions, the Frankfort and two battalions of the Nassau regiment passed over to the allies. It was on the evening of the 10th, after the action had terminated, when the German commandant, finding himself placed in front of the fourth division, to observe

its movements, and having received orders to retire, seized the moment for delivering himself and his countrymen. The fact is, that the enemy took every possible means to conceal from these officers the state of affairs in Germany ; and when the officer who led the troops over had discovered that the country to which his allegiance was due had thrown off the yoke of France, he imparted the welcome intelligence to no one till the opportunity arrived ; then drawing his sword, he addressed the men, told them that their country was free, and proposed to them to go over to the English army, that they might be transported to Germany, and join in the glorious struggle.

The British army now commanded the navigation both of the Nieve and the Adour ; and Lord Wellington, taking into consideration the necessity of fixing the basis upon which the commerce of the ports of French Navarre to the south of the Adour should be regulated, declared that those ports were open to all nations not at war with any of the allied powers ; a duty of five per cent. *ad valorem* being paid upon all articles except grain and salt, and stores for the use of the army. An order of council was also published in England, granting permission for British vessels to trade to these, and such other French ports as might be under the protection, or in the military occupation of his Majesty's arms. To this then were the decrees of Berlin and Milan come at last ! The tyrant, who had endeavoured to shut the ports of all Europe against British ships, and had well nigh at one time accomplished his barbarous and barbarising purpose, saw England at this time regulating the commerce of his own ports, and levying duties in France,—not after his example, with blind and senseless rapacity, but upon those principles of moderation and equity upon which her power is raised, and by which her prosperity is supported. The right of our army was between the Adour and the Nieve ; the centre and the left were posted between the Nieve and the sea : and in this position they remained till the beginning of February, enjoying the resources of a fruitful country, with little molestation from the enemy's army, and none from the inhabitants. This state of things was concealed as much as possible from the French people,

Buonaparte persisting till the last in that system of falsehood by which he had so long deceived and flattered them to their ruin. It could not indeed be disguised, that Lord Wellington was wintering in France; though, by what train of events he should have arrived there, the French were left to guess. But it was asserted that he had been defeated in the actions before Bayonne, with the loss of 15,000 men; that he now thought of nothing more than entrenching himself in his own lines; that the position which General Clauseau had taken alarmed him; his situation became more and more critical; the misunderstanding between the Spanish and English troops increased every day; the British commander began to perceive that that part of the French army which remained in the camp at Bayonne would cut off his retreat,—in fine, that there was consternation in the British army, and that while they were in want of provisions, their convoys were wrecked upon the coast of the Landes, and supplied the French detachment with beef and clothing, and packages of pressed hay, which were sent to Bayonne, and there served out to the troops. While the Moniteur, in its official articles, boasted thus of a chance shipwreck, and attempted to delude the people, in its usual strain of falsehood, that part of the French nation who remembered and regretted the state of the country under the Bourbons, beheld the progress of the British arms with satisfaction, because it offered a hope of the restoration of the legitimate government, and that state of security and peace which could be obtained under no other auspices. The hopes of the exiled family had also recovered; and before the Duc d'Angoulême went to the British camp, an agent of Louis XVIII. arrived at Bourdeaux. Part of his commission was to see M. de la Roche-Jaquelein, and tell him that the King depended upon him for La Vendée.

The name of Roche-Jaquelein is one which France will remember with pride in better days: few families have displayed more devotion, or made greater sacrifices in an honourable cause. In the first Vendean war the Marquis de la Roche-Jaquelein had distinguished himself by a generous enthusiasm and heroic devotion. One of his proclamations to his soldiers concludes with these impres-

tive words, "Si j'avance, suivez-moi; si je recule, tuez-moi; si je meurs, vengez-moi."* Twenty years afterwards, his brother, the heir of his name, his virtues, his glory, and his fate, put himself at the head of the Vendéans, repeating, with a noble and affecting simplicity, the very words of his illustrious brother. We trust that our readers will feel as we do, that nothing, however new or striking, that eloquence could have uttered, would have equalled the (we almost are inclined to call it) sublimity of this simple repetition, which, besides being calculated to excite all the feelings which a leader would wish to inspire, was moreover a peculiar claim on their confidence, and the most touching panegyric of his illustrious brother, and the heroic royalists who had died with him.

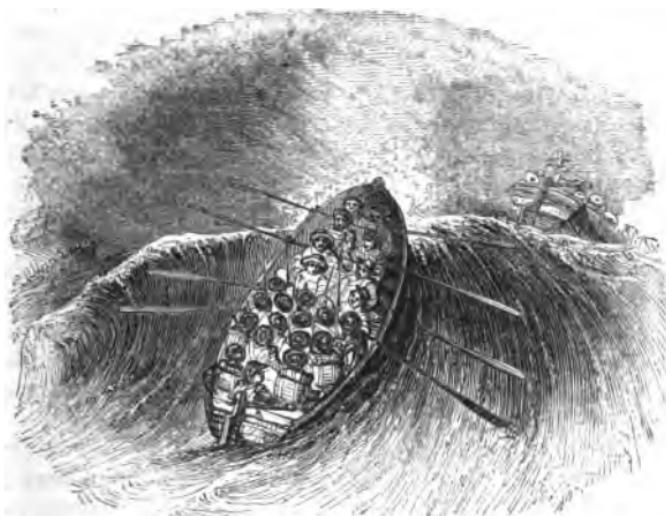
M. de la Roche-Jaquelein immediately went through Anjou and Touraine, and found little difficulty in rousing again that spirit which the National Convention had found it so difficult to suppress. A plan was formed for delivering Ferdinand VII., but the person who was to have headed the enterprise died at the time when it should have taken place. Roche-Jaquelein's designs were suspected, and he was warned by an express from M. Lynch that orders were given for arresting him, and bringing him, dead or alive, before M. Savary, the worthy minister of police, under Buonaparte: he escaped to Bourdeaux, and from thence, with great difficulty and imminent danger, got to the British head-quarters, where he assured Lord Wellington that Bourdeaux would declare for the king as soon as a British force should approach it. He would fain also have persuaded the British general to send a few hundred men, who should land him on the coast of Poitou, and divert the attention of the troops, while he pursued his way alone, and called up the faithful people who had exerted themselves so bravely, and suffered so severely in the most frantic and ferocious time of the Revolution. Lord Wellington listened with great interest to these representations; but he doubted whether the attachment of the people to the Bourbons was what

* If I advance, follow me; if I give way, kill me; if I die, revenge me.

M. de la Roche-Jaquelein believed it to be; and he did not feel himself authorized to detach troops upon an expedition such as was proposed, especially when he was on the eve of great operations, for he was at this time preparing to pass the Adour.

About the middle of February, the right of his army advanced, cut off the enemy's communication with St. Jean Pied de Port, and drove them successively across the Bidouze river, the Gave de Mouleon, and the Gave d'Oleron. These movements obliged Marshal Soult to weaken his force in Bayonne, and withdraw his troops from the right of the Adour, above the town. While one part of the army was thus employed, Sir John Hope prepared to cross the Adour, below Bayonne, a service in which Admiral Penrose, with a naval force, was anxiously waiting to cooperate. A corps of 600 men, under General Stopford, crossed on the evening of the 23d, upon rafts made of pontoons: they were attacked by the enemy, who hoped to overpower them before they could be reinforced, but by the assistance of a rocket-brigade, the French were repelled with considerable loss. In the night a breeze sprung up, and enabled the vessels to reach the mouth of the Adour; and the boats which had been collected to form a bridge across the Nieve, endeavoured to find a passage through the surf. The first, which was selected as the safest for such an attempt, and had the principal pilot on board, was overset; the second succeeded in reaching the beach, and the rest returned to wait the chance of the next tide, "it being scarcely possible," says the admiral, "that one in fifty could then have effected the passage." A pilot was landed on the south-west of the river, who might walk from thence to the Adour, and make signals from within the bar to guide the vessels through the safest parts; without, there appeared nothing but one long and heavy line of surf; the bar, at all times a difficult one, being at this season especially dangerous. But the zeal and intrepidity of British seamen will overcome all obstacles which are not absolutely insuperable; and with the next tide, the boats and vessels, vieing with each other, crossed this tremendous surf, and ran up the river in triumph, the officers display-

ing on this occasion a gallantry and skill which has seldom been equalled. With these boats, a bridge of about 800 yards was thrown across the river; and the troops



thus having accomplished their arduous undertaking, invested Bayonne.

The right of the army meantime was engaged in more extensive operations. Marshal Beresford, on the 23d, attacked the enemy in their fortified posts on the left of the Gave de Pau, and compelled them to retire within their *tête de pont* at Peyre-horade. On the 24th, the allied troops crossed the Gave d'Oleron, and the enemy retiring in the night across the Gave de Pau, destroyed the bridges, and collected their force near Orthes. The position was very strong; their right was upon the heights on the road to Dax, and occupied the village of St. Boes, the left upon the heights above Orthes, and defending the passage of the river. Marshal Beresford attacked the right, and carried the village: but the ground was so narrow that the troops, after repeated attempts, could not deploy to attack the heights; and Lord Wellington, perceiving that it was impossible to turn the enemy by their right without extending his line too far, (an error of

which he had taught the French on a former occasion so severely to repent,) changed his plan; and bringing up two other divisions, attacked this wing on the left, dislodged it from the heights, and secured the victory. Sir Rowland, who had forced the passage of the Gave, seeing the state of the action at this time, moved upon the enemy in a direction which threatened them with such fatal consequences, that the good order in which they had begun to retire was exchanged for a precipitate flight; the cavalry charged at the favourable moment; the fugitives threw away their arms, to facilitate their escape, and when darkness put an end to the dispute, the whole country was covered with their dead. In this action Lord Wellington was struck by a spent musket ball in the thigh; he did not mention this till the business of the day was over, but then it was necessary to lift him from his horse, for he could neither move nor stand without assistance.

This may not be an improper occasion to observe that the *personal* behaviour of this great captain has been, on all occasions, as perfect as his conduct as a general;—to say that he is brave, is to give him a praise which he shares with all his army; but that for which, above all other officers, he is distinguished, is that wonderful union of the coolest patience with the hottest courage; that sense of duty which restrains him from an ostentatious exposure of a life, of the value of which he could not affect to be ignorant, and that brilliant gallantry which, on the proper occasions, flashes terror into the eyes of the enemy, and kindles in his own army an enthusiasm which nothing can withstand.

Heavy rains again impeded the progress of the victorious troops. As soon as the rivers had fallen, and the bridges which the enemy had destroyed could be repaired, Lord Wellington sent a detachment to occupy Pau, the capital of Bearn, a country on many accounts memorable, and for this, among others, that it is not only the most beautiful part of France, but, before the baneful Revolution cut up the happiness of a whole generation by the root, it was one of the most favoured parts of the world, the division of property and the industry of the people

combining with all happy circumstances of soil, surface, and climate, to render the inhabitants happy. Travellers are still shown at Pau the chamber in which Henry IV. was born, and the tortoise-shell in which he was nursed as a cradle. Here we had a hospital established, where *Les Soeurs de la Charité* (Sisters of Charity), attended upon our sick and wounded soldiers. One of the first measures of the revolutionary government, after what they themselves called the general devastation, was to recall these nuns, whose want had been severely felt in all the hospitals. "We have learnt from woful experience," said M. Portalis, "that hirelings devoid of any internal principle capable of attaching them to their duty, are miserable substitutes for persons animated by a spirit of religion, that is, by a principle superior to their natural feeling, and which, being alone able to prompt every sacrifice, can alone enable us to brave every thing that can alarm or disgust." Louis XIV. wishing to improve the state of the hospitals in France, sent a member of the Academy of Sciences to England, to inquire into the manner in which such establishments were conducted here. The agent praised them as they deserved, but remarked that two things were wanting, the zeal of the French parochial clergy, and the charity of the Hospital Nuns. This digression may be excused, in gratitude to a most useful and exemplary order, to whose pious offices so many of our wounded countrymen are beholden ; perhaps also it may lead to some useful thoughts.

While General Fane took possession of Pau, Marshal Beresford marched upon Bourdeaux, M. de la Roche-Jaquelein preceding him to prepare the royalist party. The progress of the British troops was no longer impeded by deep roads and numerous streams, which, owing to the devastation of the woods on the French Pyrenees, become impassable, and inundate the country more frequently than in former times. From Bayonne to Bourdeaux extends a sandy track, well known by the name of *Les Landes*, which totally uncultivated as it is, yields a better revenue than any other land in the country, the pine-trees, with which it abounds, being regularly tapped

for resin *. Over these sands the British forces advanced without opposition ; they were received as deliverers, the magistrates put on the white cockade, and Louis XVIII. was proclaimed in Bourdeaux. The hopes and wishes of the better part of the French people were now no longer doubtful ; if any event could put an end to the accumulated evils under which France was suffering, it was the restoration of the Bourbons, and to that desirable event all things were tending. The appearance of that family, whose expulsion the French nation had such reason to regret, and the manner in which it was now evident that Great Britain favoured their cause, called forth a proclamation from Marshal Soult, which clearly showed what was to be expected from him, and from those officers who, like him, had served the tyrant in all his bloody purposes, without scruple and without remorse. " Soldiers," said he, " there will be no repose for us till this hostile army shall be annihilated, or till it shall have evacuated the territory of the empire. It does not suspect the dangers which surround, nor the perils which await it ; but time will teach this army, as well as the general who commands it, that it is not with impunity that our territory is invaded, that it is not with impunity that the French honour is insulted. The British general has had the audacity to incite you and your countrymen to revolt and sedition. He has dared to insult the national honour : he has had the baseness to excite the French to betray their oaths, and to be guilty of perjury. Yet a few days, and those who have been capable of believing in the sincerity and delicacy of the English, will learn to their cost that the English have no other object in this war than to destroy France by itself ; to reduce the French to servitude, like the Portuguese, the Sicilians, and all the other people who groan under their yoke. Let these deluded Frenchmen look to the past ; they will see the English at the head of every conspiracy, of the overthrow of all principles, of the destruction of all the estab-

* The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Commerce offered, some years ago, a premium for discovering a mode of forming this substance into candles. It may be worth noticing, that such candles are in common use at Bayonne.

blishments of greatness or industry, to gratify their inordinate ambition, and their insatiable avidity! Does there exist a single point known to the English on the surface of the globe, where they have not caused to be destroyed, by seduction or violence, the manufactories which rivalled or eclipsed their own? Soldiers! let us devote to opprobrium and general execration, every Frenchman who shall have favoured the projects of the enemy: there is no longer any bond between them and us! *Honour and Fidelity* is our motto! Our duty is marked out: obedience and discipline, implacable hatred to traitors, and to the enemies of the French name: interminable war to those who would divide in order to destroy us, as well as to the wretches who would desert the imperial eagles for any other standard. Let us have always in our mind fifteen ages of glory, and the innumerable triumphs which have rendered our country illustrious! Let us contemplate the prodigious efforts of our great emperor, and his signal victories, which will eternize the French name; let us be worthy of him, and then we may bequeath to our posterity, without a stain, the inheritance which we have received from our fathers." Marshal Soult needed not to have exhorted the French soldiers to become worthy of their emperor, they were already worthy of him! Bear witness, Jaffa! bear witness, Madrid and Porto, Ucles and Tarragona! bear witness, the wrongs, the sufferings, and the curses of all Europe, at that moment moving in arms against him from the Tagus and the Elbe, the Danube and the Moskwa!

United Europe was victorious: the tyrant fell; and Paris, opening her gates to the allied armies, received a king, whose restoration delivered France at once from foreign enemies and internal oppression. But Buonaparte's adherents, clinging still with superstitious hope to the fortune of their leader, prevented the intelligence from reaching Lord Wellington till he had once more humbled his boasting opponent. Marshal Soult, having retired from Couchez to Lembage, was driven from Lembage to Vic Bigorre. At Vic Bigorre, M. Carel assures us that he beat the English, defeating them with a loss on their part of 2,000 men, while the French had not so many as seventy-five disabled. This victory,

however, was kept so secret at the time, that neither the French themselves, nor Lord Wellington's army, ever heard of it till M. Carel communicated the information to the world two years afterwards. All that was known at the time was, that General Clinton drove Marshal Soult's rear-guard from Vic Bigorre, and that the enemy retreated in the night to Tarbes. Buonaparte and Josephine had rested in Tarbes, on their way to Bayonne, in 1808, when the abominable usurpation of Spain was plotted ; a monument had been erected in the town, in commemoration of this imperial visit, and that journey in its consequences had terminated in now bringing a victorious enemy's army to Tarbes. Lord Wellington hastened to attack the French there ; they retreated again, but with considerable loss, and took shelter in Thoulouse : the weather once more favoured them, by impeding the movements of their antagonist, and Soult, taking advantage of the time which was thus afforded him, fortified a position in front of that city. The extent of Thoulouse is disproportionate to its population : it is in length, from N. to S. about two miles, and a mile and a quarter in breadth, from E. to W. ; the inhabitants are computed at more than 60,000. The canal of Brienne, so called from the Cardinal Archbishop of that name, connects the Garonne with the canal of Languedoc, about two miles from the town ; the navigation of the river in Thoulouse being impeded by a weir for the use of the corn mills. It is magnificently executed, and is broad enough for several barges to pass abreast. The two canals and the river surround three sides of the city. Of three bridges over the Garonne, which Thoulouse possessed in the days of its prosperity, one only is left ; and the suburb, which the enemy had fortified with strong field-works in front of the ancient walls, formed a good *tête-de-pont* ; *têtes-de-pont* were formed also at the bridges of the canal, defended by musketry in some places, and in all by artillery from the old walls. A height extended eastward from the canal, and to the river Ers ; all the roads from the eastward pass over this height ; the enemy had fortified it with five redoubts, which were connected by lines of entrenchments. They had, indeed, to use Lord Wellington's words, "with

extraordinary diligence, made every preparation for defence." They had broken the bridges over the Ers, by which their right could be approached ; but as the roads from Ariège to Thoulouse were impracticable for artillery and horse, and nearly so for infantry, the British general had no alternative, and prepared to attack his antagonist in this formidable position.

One bridge over the Ers, at Croix d'Orade, the enemy had left standing, thinking they could at any time destroy it. Colonel Vivian, with the 18th Hussars, attacked a superior body of cavalry here, drove them through the village, took 100 prisoners, and secured this important post. Here Marshal Beresford crossed with two divisions, carried the village of Mont Blanc, and moved in three columns of lines up the left of the Ers, over most difficult ground, in a direction parallel to the enemy's position ; and having reached the point at which he turned it, he formed his lines for the attack. General Freyre, with the Spanish corps under his command, as soon as he saw that Marshal Beresford was ready on his side, attacked the enemy in front. They advanced with great spirit in two lines under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the general and all his staff at their head : both lines were soon lodged under some banks immediately under the enemy's entrenchments ; but when they attempted to move round the left flank of the French, they were repulsed ; and the French, following their success, turned the right of the assailants by both sides of the high road leading from Thoulouse to Croix d'Orade, and compelled the whole corps to retire with considerable loss. The Spanish general and his staff distinguished themselves greatly on this occasion, and their troops rallied as soon as the light division, which was immediately on their right, moved up. General Mendizabel, who was present as a volunteer, was wounded, but kept the field, and one Spanish regiment kept its position under the enemy's entrenchments till it was ordered to retire. Meantime Marshal Beresford had been more successful on his side. He attacked and carried the heights on the enemy's right, and the redoubt which covered that flank, and he lodged his troops on the same height with the enemy. They

were still in possession of four redoubts, of the entrenchments, and of some fortified houses; and before Marshal Beresford could attack these he was obliged to wait till his artillery could be brought up, which, owing to the badness of the roads, he had left in Mont Blanc. By the time this was effected the Spaniards had re-formed, and the attack was then renewed on both points with the most determined valour. The Marshal continued his movement along the ridge, and carried with General Pack's brigade, the two principal redoubts and fortified houses in the enemy's centre; a desperate effort was made to recover them, but in vain. Marshal Beresford pursued his advantage; and the Spaniards, moving in like manner upon the front, the French were driven from the two redoubts and entrenchments on the left, and the allies remained in possession of the whole range of heights. Sir Rowland meantime had driven the enemy from their exterior works in the suburb on the left of the Garonne, within the ancient wall: and the army was now established on three sides of Thoulouse.

Thoulouse is a name which brings with it a painful reflection to an Englishman's mind, when he remembers the history of a Catholic crusade under an English leader: henceforth the name will be connected with Lord Wellington's wars, and bring with it a proper feeling of national exultation. The battle was fought on Easter Sunday: long will that Easter be remembered by the Thoulousans! the wounded French were brought from the field of battle as they fell, to the gates of the town, and thence conveyed by the inhabitants to the hospitals. They are said by the French themselves to have been innumerable. Marshal Soult talked of defending the tower, and burying himself and his army under its ruins, and the people had all the horrors of Zaragoza and Tarragona before their eyes, and dreaded those reprisals which might so naturally be expected from the Portuguese and Spaniards. The city and the army were, in reality, at that time in the conqueror's mercy; but Lord Wellington, though he had not been apprised of the deposition of Buonaparte, knew that that event was at hand, and that no circumstances could long delay it. Wishing, there-

fore, to avoid all further effusion of blood, he suffered Soult and his troops to file off during the night of the 11th, under the cannon of the British army, without



firing a shot; and on the following morning the allies entered the city as deliverers. The perfect order which they observed, so utterly unlike the rapacious conduct of the French armies, excited the utmost admiration in the inhabitants, who, in the eulogium of gratitude, compared Wellington to Turenne. Lord Wellington is wronged by the comparison: Turenne's memory is stained by the ravage of the Palatinate: but the character of the British commander is without any such spot. The battle of Thoulouse occasioned the allies a loss of 4,600 men: the victory was decisive, and such a victory was of wholesome effect, much as the circumstances are to be regretted which occasioned the expense of a needless battle. The French had systematically been kept in ignorance of the repeated defeats which their armies had sustained: and this policy had been surprisingly successful, the vain and unreflecting character of the people seconding, in this respect, the artifices of the government. Here the

superiority of the British troops was exhibited in a fair theatre, and upon an ample scale ; the whole people of Thoulouse were spectators and witnesses ; they saw their veteran troops, under leaders of great experience, undoubted skill, and high reputation, attacked in a position which they had fortified with extraordinary care ; they saw them beaten there and driven from thence, and they beheld them file off under the guns of the British army, at the mercy of the British general.

On the evening of the 12th, the despatches from Paris arrived ; the restoration of the Bourbons was announced to Marshal Soult, and that general only proposed a suspension of hostilities till he could ascertain the real state of public affairs. Lord Wellington then put his army in motion to pursue him ; but on the 17th Marshal Soult informed him that he formally acknowledged the provisional government of France. And here Lord Wellington finished that career which he had begun at Roliza, and which, when all circumstances are considered, may truly be said to be unparalleled in military history. He entered upon that career at a time when the military reputation and the military power of France were at their greatest height ; when a belief, that it was impossible to resist the commanding genius and inexhaustible resources of Buonaparte, had been inculcated in this country with pestilent activity, and had deeply tainted the public mind. Daily and weekly, monthly and quarterly, this poison was administered with the most mischievous perseverance in newspapers, magazines, and reviews. Never was there an opinion more injurious, more fatal to the honour, interest, safety, independence, and existence of the country ; yet was it propagated by writers who were then held in the highest estimation, and they enforced it with a zeal which arrayed their passions, and seemed to array their wishes, as well as their intellect, on the enemy's side ; and with a confidence which boldly affirmed that nothing but folly or madness could presume to doubt their predictions. Suicidal as the belief was, it became the creed of a party in the state. The first successes of Sir Arthur Wellesley availed little towards checking the evil ; for they were counteracted by the bad effects of the Convention of

Cintra; an event, however, which, though it certainly had (chiefly, we believe, from the ungenerous artifices of party,) a baneful influence on the public mind, is yet remarkable as giving a presage of the extraordinary military foresight of Wellington. "He concurred in that convention," he said, "because the French had been allowed to reach Torres Vedras; a position from which he thought it would be impossible to dislodge them." This opinion was, at the time, treated as a mere excuse to cover misconduct. Never, however, was a triumph more complete, than when, three years afterwards, Lord Wellington, in that very position, baffled the superior forces of Massena, and gave to all Europe a practical proof of the accuracy of his military judgment. This convention, however, came fearfully in aid of the despondents; and the retreat of Sir John Moore, which soon followed, and more especially the advice which was given him, to capitulate at Corunna, proved that the rot had reached even the main timbers of our strength. The general feeling, or at least a feeling so general as to be in the highest degree dangerous, was in the worst state when Sir Arthur Wellesley landed a second time in Portugal, and took the command—but happily for himself, his country, and the world, his heart was sound, and his understanding neither dazzled by the successes of the French, nor duped by the shallow or factious sophists who represented them as invincible. Happily, too, he was no longer subject to the direction of inferior minds, and his heart and understanding had now their full scope. *From that hour* every operation of the British army tended to give the troops and the nation fresh confidence in their general, and to impress upon the enemy a proper sense of the British character. Wherever he met the French he defeated them; whenever he found it necessary to return for want of numbers, or of food, or of cooperation in the Spaniards, it was in such order, and so leisurely, as neither to raise the hopes of the enemy, nor abate those of his army, or of his allies. After the battle of Talavera, and the series of provoking misconduct by which the effect of that memorable victory was dissipated, he distinctly perceived the course which the enemy

would pursue, and, anticipating all their temporary advantages, (which yet he omitted no occasion of opposing and impeding,) he saw and determined how and where the vital struggle must be made. The foresight of a general was never more admirably displayed, nor more nobly justified ; and if there be one place in the Peninsula more appropriate than another for a monument to that leader, whose trophies are found throughout the whole, it is in the lines of Torres Vedras that a monument to Lord Wellington should be erected. When he took his stand there, Lisbon was not the only stake of that awful contest : the fate of Europe was in suspense ; and they who, like Homer, could see the balance in the hand of Jupiter, might then have perceived that the fortunes of France were found wanting in the scale. There the spell which bound the nations was broken ; the plans of the tyrant were baffled ; his utmost exertions when he had no other foe and no other object were defied ; his armies were beaten ; and Europe, taking heart when she beheld the deliverance of Portugal, began to make a movement for her own : that spirit by which alone her deliverance could be effected was excited, and the good cause continued to advance and prosper till Paris was taken ; and the tyrant, before whom the world had trembled, was glad to capitulate for an ignominious retreat, and to escape the vengeance of the French people in disguise. If any thing seemed wanting to the triumph of Wellington and England, it was that the British flag, which had led the way into France, should have entered Paris also : and complete as the triumph was, it was scarcely possible not to feel something like regret that it had not thus been consummated. Who could then have apprehended that this consummation was only for a short time deferred ?



PART III.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IT seemed not unreasonable to suppose that the Duke of Wellington, after the events which we have described, would, for the remainder of his life, enjoy in peace the honours and rewards which he had so well deserved, and which had been so properly bestowed. Leaving the army which he had so often conducted to victory, he joined the allied sovereigns at the court of Louis XVIII. and there for the first time met General Blucher, the most glorious of his fellow-labourers in the deliverance of Europe ; little did they foresee in what manner the acquaintance which they then began was to be cemented, and how their names in inseparable union would descend to the latest posterity. From Paris the Duke repaired to Madrid, where Ferdinand confirmed all the honours which the Cortes had conferred upon him, and created him captain-general of Spain. Returning to England, he was received with every mark of love, and gratitude, and honour, which the Prince, the legislator, and the

people could bestow. He had never yet taken his seat in the House of Lords, and now at his first introduction was placed in the highest rank of the peerage, his various patents of Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, being read on the same day. Here he received the thanks and congratulations of the house on his return from the command on the Continent, and for the great, signal, and eminent services which he had so repeatedly rendered therein to his Majesty and to the public. The House of Commons appointed a deputation to congratulate him on his return, and the Duke attended the house in person to express his thanks. This was a memorable scene: all the members uncovered, rose, and enthusiastically cheered him as he entered: the Speaker, in an admirable address, touched upon those parts of his military character for which Wellington is more peculiarly to be praised; the implicit faith which he communicated to his soldiers; the confidence which he had ever felt in himself and his cause, and the manner in which he had united armies of such different and discordant materials under his command. "It is not," said the Speaker, "the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory: that moral courage and enduring fortitude which in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken: and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires." The Duke on his part "expressed his admiration of the great efforts made by the House and by the country in times of unexampled pressure and difficulty, for supporting, on a great scale, those operations by which the contest had been brought to so happy a conclusion." The occasion, indeed, had called for all the efforts of the country, but they had been adequate to the occasion, and success could not be doubtful when those mighty means were entrusted to hands which knew how to direct them so well.

In the summer of 1814, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. The national vanity of the French might be flattered, or might be wounded by this appointment, but there is another point of view in which its prudence appears more questionable. Would the partizans of Buonaparte have been deterred by any principles of public faith, or any feelings of honour, from seizing the British commander, if he had been within reach when their plans were matured ? Let the English travellers who were entrapped in France on a former occasion, and condemned to hopeless imprisonment as long as Buonaparte held his power, answer the question ! And could the conspirators have rendered to their master by any other means a service so congenial, so gratifying, and so momentous ? He who began his operations against Spain by introducing troops under the mask of friendship into its most important fortresses, how gladly would he have commenced the war in which he knew that he must inevitably be engaged with England, by depriving her of her great commander ! Fortunately (for if any thing may be said to have happened by mere fortune this may) the opportunity was not afforded ; Wellington having gone to the congress at Vienna, when the peace of Europe was broken, and Louis XVIII. driven from that throne which it had been happy for him, as an individual, never to have recovered, if the highest of all rewards, and the sublimest of all feelings, were not found in the sacrifice of individual inclination and temporal happiness to private, and still more to public duty.

An Englishman may well be proud of his country when he compares the history of our civil wars with those of France. If the horrors of the Jacquerie be compared with the outrages committed in the like insurrections under Wat Tyler and Jack Cade,—the wars of the League with those of the white and red roses, and the struggle between Charles and the Puritans, with the French Revolution, the difference in humanity between the two nations will appear as strongly marked as it is in the treatment which, in what may be called the same age, the maniacs Damiens and Hatfield experienced for

actions precisely similar. But the restoration of the Bourbons was marked by none of that vindictive and cruel spirit which disgraced the return of the Stuarts; and this must not be imputed wholly to policy or weakness; Louis XVIII. had a good heart; the Stuarts were the most unfeeling of men. The restoration of the old family to the throne of France was an event which the experience of our own history taught us to expect; when it had taken place, the difference of the circumstances under which it had occurred, was distinctly seen. Our commonwealth had not demoralized the people; but their revolution completed that general dissolution of principles which had been begun by a vicious court, and a literature licentious and obscene above that of all other countries. Here then existed a fearful difference! A profligate government could exist safely in the midst of a moral and religious people; not so a moral and religious government in a depraved nation, where a military spirit predominated, and where the armies were thoroughly flagitious. The character of the army was notorious; there was scarcely a part of continental Europe which had not seen and suffered under its enormous wickedness. Policy required and justified an amnesty of political offences; but that amnesty ought not, in so literal a sense, to have been extended to moral offences; though they could not be punished, they should have been remembered with abhorrence and with fear. In this point Charles II. and Louis XVIII. erred in opposite extremes; the former thought the body of Blake unworthy to rest in the royal vault, wherein it had been deposited—forgetting that Blake had with perfect magnanimity upheld the honour of his country: Louis on the contrary, employed and confided in men whom Buonaparte had elevated, because they resembled himself in perfidy and obduracy; and who, whatever their military talent might be, had, by their rapacity and crimes, brought a stain upon the name of France, which no successes, however brilliant, could efface.

Talleyrand is said to have earnestly advised that the King should neither grant nor promise the smallest power to the marshals. There was, however, a broad line of

distinction between men like Oudinot and Marmont, who were without reproach, and such as Soult, Suchet, Ney, Massena, and Davoust, whose names were infamous throughout Europe for the excesses and cruelties which they had committed. A regard to public decency, to the moral feeling, and therein the general interests of mankind, to the honour of France, and to its own immediate security, should have led the new government to make this distinction. Louis should as little have thought of entrusting power to these men, flagrant and branded as they were, as of recalling Billaud Varennes from Cayenne, or appointing Barrère and Mehée de la Touche to offices in the state. There were persons who supposed that those who had risen under Buonaparte, and enriched themselves by pillage, would be contented under any government which should leave them in quiet possession of the rank and plunder which they had obtained ; and the manner in which marshal after marshal sent in his *adhesion* to the Bourbons (for “ whither fly the gnats but to the sun ? ”) seemed to countenance this opinion. But there are certain habits from which reformation is nearly impossible ; and soldiers who had been moulded to Buonaparte’s purposes, must be as miserable in retirement and inactivity, as the drunkard when deprived of the drams with which he exhilarates exhausted nature, and obtains a respite from those wretched sensations which are the consequence and the punishment of habitual excess. Experience has abundantly shown, that men who make war like robbers have ever been unable to endure the listlessness, and perhaps the reflection of peace. Thus it was with the *white companies* of the fourteenth century ; thus it was with the first conquerors of America ; and they who had acquired political wisdom, where alone it is to be learnt, from studying the history of past ages, and regarding the nature of man, knew that thus also it must be with the soldiers of Buonaparte. The Bourbons thought otherwise ; restored to the throne of France, they felt as Frenchmen,—this was to be expected, it was natural, and as it should be ; but with the levity of Frenchmen, and perhaps it may be thought, with that moral insensibility which is but too characteristic of the

nation, they began to pride themselves on the military reputation which France had acquired under the tyrant, forgetful how that reputation had been stained by every imaginable crime, and every possible disgrace. “Honour,” said a royalist writer, “had taken refuge in the army when driven from the rest of France!” In the days of Robespierre this was true; the armies when they refused to butcher their British and Hanoverian prisoners, were deservedly the pride of France. In the days of Buonaparte it was false; he changed their character; the civic and chivalrous spirit,—the honourable feeling which had been cherished by Kleber, and Pichegru, and Moreau, would have counteracted the views of one who aimed at empire; he therefore corrupted the soldiers in order to make them fit instruments for enslaving the nation; he indulged them in pillage; he habituated them to excesses; he fleshed them in massacre, till he made them the scourge of Europe and the reproach of France, the most formidable and the most flagitious of the human race.

“The obstacles,” it was said, “which Louis XVIII. will meet with, will arise not from the army; for though discontented and ferocious, they are broken and divided, commanded by officers who are loyal, and checked by the national guards.” This was a strange error! Divided! —yes—like a pack of blood-hounds, who run loose in the village, ready to assemble and hunt in company at the first call of the huntsman! It will not now be doubted that Buonaparte had this re-assemblage in view when, after his compulsory abdication, he took leave of his old guard.

“During twenty years,” said he, “that we have acted together, I have been satisfied with you. Pity not my fate: I shall be happy when I know that you are so. I might have died: nothing would have been more easy for me; but I still wish to pursue the path of glory. What we have done I will write. I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general.—Come, general!—Let the eagle be brought to me that I may also embrace it! Ah, dear eagle, may the kisses which I bestow on you, resound to posterity!”

Language like this was well adapted for its purpose!

Means were not wanting for keeping alive the feeling which it was intended to impress ; and so widely diffused was the hope or the knowledge of his intentions, that they who wished, and expected his return, jested about it in public. When Buonaparte landed, his first address to the army discovered both his own projects and the disposition of the great body to which it was addressed.

" Soldiers, we were not conquered, we were betrayed ! In my exile I have heard your voice : I have arrived through all obstacles and all perils. Tear down those colours which the nation has proscribed ; mount the tri-colour cockade ; you bore it in the days of your greatness. — Soldiers, come and range yourselves under the standards of your chief ; his existence is only composed of yours ; his rights are only those of the people and yours ; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at the charging step : the eagle with the national colours shall fly from steeple to steeple, even to the towers of Notre Dame ! Then you will be able to show your scars with honour—then you will be able to glory in what you have done !"

And he bade them remember that they had entered the walls of Vienna, of Berlin, of Madrid, and of Moscow ! It required all the effrontery of Buonaparte, to speak of Madrid and Moscow !

One who had observed the conduct of the different French generals, might, in almost every instance, have predicted how each would act upon this occasion. From the best of them no great sacrifice of interest was to be expected ; but those who were liable to least reproach kept clear of any notorious treason, and forsook the king with reluctance. Berthier, concerning whom it might have been most difficult to form a judgment, accompanied him. The cause, if its merits were doubtful, might be fairly estimated from the character of those who embarked in it with the most zeal. Lefebvre Desnouettes was notorious for having broken his parole in England, an act for which he was rewarded by the Emperor Napoleon. Miollis, whom Massena affected to despatch against Buonaparte on his landing, is the man whose

insolence and brutality to the Pope have made him infamous, and of whom the injured Queen of Etruria says that he went frequently, not only to visit her in the unworthy office of gaoler, but to insult with his sardonic laugh, and insolent discourse, her deplorable condition. Of Marshal Massena and Marshal Soult enough has been incidentally said. The cruelties of these men in Portugal were rivalled by Marshal Ney in Galicia, who laid waste that country with fire and sword, butchering all the Spaniards who fell into his hands, till a Spanish officer, enforcing the law of reprisals, which had long been threatened, threw at one time six hundred French prisoners into the river Minho. Marshal Suchet, another of these worthies, promised in the terms which he granted to Valencia, that none of the inhabitants should be molested; as soon as he was master of the city, he sent 1,500 of the monks prisoners into France, and executed those persons who had distinguished themselves most in its defence. At Tarragona this monster butchered more than 6,000



unresisting persons, old and young, man and woman, mother and babe. When the fugitives were running

toward the beach, the French cavalry galloped among them, cutting them down to the right and left, and trampling them under their horses' feet : and not contented with this, they kept up a heavy fire upon the landing place, where women and children stood crowded together, getting into the British boats ; and they endeavoured to sink the boats which were employed in saving these helpless and unoffending people. It was a premeditated massacre. Marshal Suchet had threatened to set a terrible example, and intimidate Catalonia and Spain *for ever* by the destruction of a whole city. Catalonia and Spain were not intimidated, and the consequences of this massacre, which are to endure *for ever*, are those only which must rest upon his head when the account for blood shall be exacted ! The destruction of a whole city was no new exploit for General Suchet. There was a town called Bedouin, in the department of Vaucluse, which contained about 500 houses, and 2,000 inhabitants ; they had a good trade in silk, and the place was flourishing. In the year 1794 the tree of liberty, which had been planted without this town, was cut down during the night ; fearful of the consequences of this act of individual indiscretion, the inhabitants themselves informed the deputy Maignet, who was then upon a mission of blood in the department ; this availed nothing in their favour ; he issued a decree, proscribing not only the people of Bedouin, but of the surrounding communes, and condemned the town to the flames. Suchet was the officer who, at the head of a battalion, accompanied Maignet's commission upon this infernal errand. Sixty fathers of families, after the mockery of a trial, were put to death ; their relatives who were spared, being placed at the foot of the scaffold during the execution. Suchet then gave the word to set fire to the town ; it was burnt to the ground ; the church was the only building which resisted the conflagration, and that was demolished by means of gunpowder. The inhabitants who had escaped were hunted in their retreats by Suchet's soldiers, and shot like wild beasts. Robespierre's Committee of Public Safety approved of Suchet's conduct at Bedouin ; if the Suchet of Bedouin be not the Suchet of Tarragona and Valencia,

then has France produced two monsters of the name instead of one. We believe him to be the same man. But whether *alter* or *idem*, it was for committing the like enormities upon a wider scale in Spain, that Marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufera, was rewarded by Buonaparte with his Marshal's staff and his dukedom. When the tyrant was preparing to disturb the peace of France, and involve Europe again in all the horrors of unbridled military licentiousness, he calculated with perfect confidence upon this man's cooperation.

Marshal Davoust, in Buonaparte's peerage Duke of Auerstädt and Prince of Eckmühl, is another of those generals who entered zealously into the rebellion. Were there nothing more known of this man than that he is one of the *red-hands* of Jaffa, that fact alone would sufficiently characterise him; but Marshal Davoust is known in Germany as well as in Egypt and Syria; and among all Buonaparte's instruments, there is not one who has rendered himself more infamous, or contributed more to make the name of France detested. M. Becker, a German author, and counsellor of the court at Gotha, was arrested by this general's orders, in direct violation of the rights of nations, and thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburg. The Duke of Weimar reclaimed him, or rather (for this is a degree of liberty which the allies of the Emperor Napoleon did not venture to exercise,) he interceded for his subject, and representing that M. Becker was entirely innocent, requested that he might be released. Marshal Davoust replied, in a manner so brutal and insolent, that the letter has been preserved as a record of the manner in which the French exerted their usurped authority over the Germans: he refused the duke's request: "and besides," he added, "the Germans are altogether a stubborn people, and they will hardly become tame and docile, until I have made some striking examples, by hanging up on one tree a German prince, a man of letters, and a merchant, as a warning to the rest." But it is at Hamburg that the character of Davoust was fully displayed, in its true, black, and bloody colours. At Hamburg he will be remembered like Murat and Grouchy at Madrid, like Soult at Porto, like Suchet at Tarragona

and at Bedoun. The daughters of the best families in Hamburgh were compelled by Marshal Davoust to work at the fortifications among common labourers, as a punishment for having embroidered the standard of the Hanseatic Legion! A physician of this devoted city, well known as a man of science, ventured to appeal to Marshal Davoust, when he had been ordered to quit his house within half an hour, that it might be converted into an hospital; he represented that his library, his physical apparatus, his anatomical collection, &c. could not possibly be removed in so short a time: that if they were left, they would be destroyed by the soldiery; and that in these convulsed times he had preserved no other property. "Property!" exclaimed Marshal Davoust: "How, Sir! your property! Where can you have property?" And, laying hold of a button of his coat, he pursued: "Not even this button can be called your property; it belongs to the emperor. You must turn out of your house within half an hour. Begone!" On the east side of Hamburgh there was a large village called Hamm, where many of the merchants had their houses. It extended about two miles and a half in a straight line from the outworks. In the middle of December, Marshal Davoust issued an order, that forty of these houses, reaching as far as the church, should be burnt, and their ruins levelled to the ground. This was the fourth destruction of the same kind which had taken place within a fortnight, the plea being, that this measure was necessary for the defence of the city. Eight and forty hours were allowed, or rather were promised to be allowed, the inhabitants for removing their property; for, as may well be supposed, many of these houses were filled with fugitives, and with goods which had been removed from houses destroyed in a similar manner. Before thirty hours had elapsed, a body of French pioneers, with their firebrands, burst into these houses in the night, and in spite of the supplications of the inhabitants,—in spite of the remonstrances of the mayor, who claimed only the time which had been promised, burnt or pillaged whatever they found,—the wreck of many a family, the property of many a widow and orphan. The mayor, upon this, wrote

a letter to Davoust, reminding him, that he had been graciously pleased to promise the poor sufferers a respite of forty-eight hours, to enable them to remove their goods, and informing him in what manner this promise had been disregarded. "The remaining inhabitants of Hamm," said he, "beseech you in the most pressing manner, to inform them how far the burning of their houses may yet extend, as they only request time and notice to remove their effects. I entreat to be favoured with a word of consolation on this head, that I may communicate it to the distressed parishioners." Ten days after this letter was written, the mayor received a verbal message, authorizing him to announce to the inhabitants of Hamm, that it was not the intention of Marshal Davoust to destroy any more of their houses. Three weeks had hardly elapsed before this Marshal Davoust sent an order to set fire to every remaining house in Hamm the same evening; the inhabitants had neither



means nor time to remove their effects; they were turned out into the highway, in the very midst of winter, without

shelter and without bread ; their houses were destroyed in their sight, and their furniture consumed as fuel for the watch-fires of the French. The French ruffians went mirthfully about their work of havoc : a body of troops was drawn up, every man having a bundle of combustibles fixed upon his bayonet ; they then divided into parties, and went dancing, with music before them, from house to house, to set house after house on fire. If the unhappy families clung to the spot, they were driven out with the bayonet : if they refused to open their doors, even in the night, to let these incendiaries in, they were fired upon. This was a wanton destruction ; it was not necessary ; it was not even useful, as a means of defence ; but was committed in mere malignity of heart. The execution of these atrocious orders was entrusted to General Loison, a man pre-eminent in infamy among the infamous officers of Junot's army ; he who presided at the murders at Caldas, and by whom the massacre at Evora was committed. Notwithstanding the severity of the season, Marshal Davoust turned out of Hamburgh all the inhabitants who had not been born in the city, and all who were not provided with food for six months : 30,000 were driven from their homes by this measure. He ordered the public hospital for the insane and infirm to be cleared in a few hours for the use of his army. Nearly four hundred patients of both sexes, suffering under the most deplorable afflictions to which our poor nature is subject, idiots and madmen, the blind and the bedridden, were driven out by Davoust's orders into the open fields, in the midst of winter : they were exposed to hunger, cold, and a miserable death ; their sufferings were aggravated, if it were possible to aggravate them, by the brutality of the French soldiers, who faithfully followed the example of barbarity which their chiefs had set :—these miserable creatures were driven together into a field covered with deep snow ; “their fits of convulsive laughter,” says a German writer, “their weeping, their curses, and their prayers, were alike the subject of mockery for the French, and more than thirty of them were found dead in the morning !” It appears, by an official estimate, in which a native of Hamburgh assures us that nothing has been

exaggerated, that the losses which Marshal Davoust occasioned to that city, and its environs, amounted to thirteen millions sterling ; that he reduced the population from 120,000 to 40,000 souls ; that he burned or demolished more than 1500 houses ; and that in the depth of a German winter he turned out more than 1600 families, whom he had plundered of every thing, to beg their bread. These were Marshal Davoust's actions at Hamburg ; and be it remembered, that when he took the command of the rebel army, after Buonaparte's abdication, Marshal Davoust boasted of his conduct at that city, and laid claim, upon this ground, to the confidence of the soldiers, and the approbation of the French nation. Happily for Europe a different morality prevails in the other parts of the Christian world ; and in citing the acts of Marshal Davoust, we hold him up for abhorrence and infamy. And in thus doing, we only fulfil that which is the most sacred duty of the historian. For history, when properly written, disgraces nations and individuals, as well as ennobles them ; it records something more than the mere military circumstances of war ;—the causes of war, the conduct of the contending armies, and the characters of the leaders, are handed down to posterity, and men are marked for honour or for infamy, according as their deeds have been good or evil. It is not to be endured that men should be presented to us as accomplished generals, perfect in the art of war, and distinguished for having discharged its duties, when, like Ney, Soult, Suchet, Massena, Murat, Davoust, and their compeers, they have carried on war like robbers and ruffians, and cast aside the humanities which mitigate, the courtesies which embellish, and the feelings of honour and generosity which enoble it. Even when thus relieved, war is so dreadful a calamity,—a thing so horrible, so monstrous in itself,—almost it might be said, such a manifestation and triumph of the evil principle, that no thoughtful and religious mind can contemplate it, without shuddering at the perversion of human intellect, and the mysterious depravity of our nature. It is therefore for the common interest of mankind, that they who have aggravated the measures of war with wanton barbarity, should be marked

and branded at least, if they cannot be brought to condign punishment ; that they should be held up to universal execration, and made to taste, while they are yet living, that abhorrence and infamy which will accompany their names as long as they shall be remembered in history.

Another of the most active adherents to Buonaparte in the rebellion, was General Grouchy, created by the usurper a Marshal for his services. Of this man it will suffice to repeat, that, after the massacre at Madrid, he presided at the military murders by which that scene of horror was concluded ; and that after the battle of Waterloo, he had the audacity to ask the Emperor of Russia, either to obtain for him, from the king, the rank which the usurper had given him as the price of his treason, or to accept his services in the Russian army ! The emperor treated him too well ; he gave him a contemptuous answer, but he should not have answered him at all. Count Clausel was another ; a general who proved more successful against the Duchess of Angoulême than he had ever been against Lord Wellington. To the Princess, who on that frightful occasion displayed so royal, so heroic a spirit, the beautiful lines of Cartwright upon one of her own family, may, with perfect propriety be applied :—

“ Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness ;
A gathered mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace.”

The political characters who came forward to re-establish the monstrous system from which Europe had so happily, but with such efforts, been delivered, were men whom it might have been thought impossible ever to combine in the same cause. Foremost among them was Savary, one of the murderers of the Duke D'Enghien, the man who was employed to decoy the Spanish Bourbons into captivity, by the vilest treachery and falsehood ; the head of Buonaparte's police, the prime mover and mainspring of that complicated tyranny, for which eight bastiles were required. Caulincourt also, Duke of Vicenza, in this Tyburn peerage, appeared again upon the great stage ; upon the first fall of Buonaparte, he had, in proper trepida-

tion, disclaimed his share in the murder of the Duke D'Enghein, the imputation of which he had been so well satisfied to bear while he could plead it as a merit; upon the return of the usurper he lost no time in proving the sincerity of his disclaimer, and his gratitude to the Bourbons for having believed, or affected to believe it. Such clemency deserved such a reward; the old proverb about saving a thief holds good, in a stronger degree, as to saving a murderer. Cambaceres, prince and arch-treasurer of the empire, during the course of the revolution, had contracted no greater degree of guilt than that of assenting to the atrocious measures which it would have been dangerous or fatal to have opposed; and having escaped the storm he contrived to enrich himself by the wreck. He probably would have been better pleased if the tide had not turned; but, consistently with his former conduct, he turned with it, ready to acknowledge any government under which he might continue to enjoy his share of the spoils. Jerome and Joseph Buonaparte, as was to be expected, hastened to partake their brother's triumph; they had been his supple and guilty instruments, and having, by a fortune better than their deserts, escaped unhang'd when they were unkinged, they started up again to perform the part of princes in the new revolutionary drama that was preparing. Louis, with honourable consistency, kept aloof. In some of the better parts of his character he may be compared to Richard Cromwell; the wise and the good will feel how much more this is to his praise, than if the comparison had been with Oliver. But while Louis Buonaparte refused to bear a part in the guilty enterprise of Napoleon, Lucien, to the surprise of all men, mingled in the scene, and unmasked himself to the world. The character of Lucien Buonaparte at one time stood high in public estimation. He had manfully and virtuously, as it seemed, refused to cooperate in Napoleon's plans, even when tempted by a crown: he had fled from his tyranny; and, living innocently and happily in domestic life, devoted himself to literature and the fine arts. But the man who supported Napoleon Buonaparte after his return from Elba, cannot possibly have differed from him upon the score of principle during his former

tyranny; as little can his conduct be attributed to political foresight and worldly prudence. The solution which neither wisdom nor virtue can afford, may be found in vanity or in pride. He had been accustomed to regard himself as his brother's superior in intellect, and perhaps with reason; he remembered also how greatly Buonaparte had been indebted to him in the most critical day of his life, when the Directory was overthrown; and to have been made a king by the brother whom he had enabled to make kings, was a humiliation which his spirit could not brook. But when Napoleon stood again in need of his assistance, then Lucien set upon the hazard the rank and fortune which he had secured by his former conduct; his vanity was gratified, and an ambitious hope excited of asserting and proving his natural superiority over Buonaparte, either in controlling the despotic temper of his brother, by help of the republican party, or acting as guardian to the young Napoleon, if the allied powers should be duped into so fatal a compromise as to reward and ratify the crimes of the father by acknowledging the son.

It is scarcely possible that any men could at this time be mad enough to dream of establishing a republic in France. The Revolution, indeed, had taken a dreadful vengeance upon the speculative philosophers who began, and the practical assassins who completed, the fatal experiment. Lanjuinais was the only survivor of the Brissotines; and the part which he bore under the usurpation was merely that of helpless assent. Of the Jacobins there remained two men, who had renounced Jacobinism, but were stained to the core with its foulest crimes,—Carnot and Fouché. What service the Duke of Otranto may have rendered to the Bourbons during the late usurpation of Buonaparte, we pretend not to know. But we know that Fouché of Nantes, who sat in the National Convention as deputy for the department of the Lower Loire, was a priest of the Congregation of the Oratory before the Revolution, and during the Revolution was sent as a commissioner to Nevers and to Lyons; that at Nevers he issued a decree for destroying all public monuments of religion, and for placing the words *Death is Eternal Sleep*

over the entrance of the burial-place; that he sent to the Convention from the department of the Nievre, 1091 marks in gold and silver, arising from the spoils of the churches; that he ordered a procession at Lyons in honour of Challier, in which an ass formed a conspicuous figure, having a mitre on its head, and a Bible and a New Testament suspended from its tail, which Bible and Testament were afterwards publicly burnt, and their ashes scattered to the wind; that bearing an equal share with Collot d'Herbois in the unparalleled atrocities which were committed in that city, he wrote to the Convention, saying, "On the ruins of this proud city, which was base enough to ask for a master, the traveller will see with satisfaction some simple monuments erected to the memory of the martyrs of liberty, and some scattered cottages which the friends of equality will hasten to inhabit." In other despatches, these "representatives of the people sent to Commune Affranchie," (as the ruins of Lyons were to be called!) "to secure the happiness of the people," say to the Convention, "Convinced that there is no innocent person in this infamous city, except those who were oppressed or loaded with chains by the assassins of the people, we set at nought the tears of repentance. Nothing can disarm our severity. The demolitions are too slow. The republican impatience requires more rapid means. The explosion of the mine, and the devouring activity of the fire, can alone express the omnipotence of the people. No indulgence, Citizen Colleagues, no delay, no slowness in the punishment of guilt. Kings punished slowly, because they were feeble and cruel; the justice of the people ought to be as prompt as the expression of its will. We have taken effective means to make its omnipotence serve as a lesson." This we know of the ex-priest Fouché of Nantes, during the reign of Robespierre. We know that he was Buonaparte's minister of police at the time when Toussaint, Pichegru, and Captain Wright died,—in what manner Buonaparte and his minister can best explain. And we know also that having shown himself, as far as intentions can be inferred from public acts, ready to renew the system of terror in France for the support of Buonaparte, and that, a double traitor, having betrayed

Buonaparte, and, with four others, having usurped himself the sovereign authority, he was immediately appointed minister of police to Louis XVIII. and is now French ambassador at Dresden !

Carnot had not, like Fouché, shown himself of the Vicar of Bray's religion. Had he been actuated by as pure a love of liberty as he has pretended to, it would require more sacrifices to principle than he has ever made, to entitle him to respect or indulgence for his political career. The most atrocious acts of Robespierre were committed with his concurrence, and this concurrence he avowed when an attempt was made to bring his colleagues Billaud Varennes and Collot d'Herbois, to punishment. By opposing the election of Buonaparte, first to the consulate for life, and then to the empire, he deserved some credit,—and obtained more than the act was worth; for he incurred by it no more danger than an English peer does on entering a protest; and Buonaparte was more likely to be pleased than offended at a feeble opposition which seemed to imply a liberty of choice, and with this single exception, an universal assent in his election. While Buonaparte continued upon the throne, though France was oppressed under an iron tyranny, the undisguised object of which was to establish and perpetuate a barbarous military power, Carnot was a quiet subject; no sooner had the Bourbons been restored, and a government established upon principles which even the zealots of liberty acknowledged to be sufficiently free, than Carnot appeared as an enemy of that government, proving thereby that he acted not from a love of liberty, but in pure hatred of the Bourbons. A feeling not very unlike this brought other persons upon the scene in Buonaparte's favour. Marshal Brune and General Lecourbe had for many years been unemployed; the latter, it was said, for his republican opinions: no better motives can be assigned for their conduct in serving the usurper on his return, than that they could not bear to see the Bourbons on the throne of France, because they had fought against them with distinction in the earlier part of the revolution. What was then a principle had become a fixed and rooted prejudice.

The feeling which prevailed throughout Europe at the re-appearance of Buonaparte, was as general as it was just. The Plenipotentiaries at Vienna thought it due to their own dignity, and the interest of social order, to make a solemn declaration of their sentiments.

"By thus breaking the convention," they said, "which has established him in the Island of Elba, Buonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended; by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe, that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare that Napoleon Buonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance."

This was the proper language; it was what the law of nature and the law of nations dictated; it was what common sense prompted, and common justice required. The declaration bore the stamp of wisdom and sound policy, as well as of manliness; and it will be recorded by future historians and biographers to the honour of the Duke of Wellington, that he was one of the ministers who acted thus promptly and judiciously, for the nations which they represented. He acted as became him in the cabinet; and Great Britain, in perfect approbation of what he had done, and in that full confidence which his former services merited, placed him once more at the head of her armies in the field.

But the military means of Great Britain were not in the same state as when Lord Wellington was master of Bearn, and Guienne, and Gascony. A considerable part of the British army had been sent to America, and there had not yet been time for their return: and when Portugal was called upon for her contingent, in this emergency, according to treaty, the Regency evaded the demand, by pretending that it was necessary to receive instructions from Brazil. Wellington was thus without the assistance of those allies who had contributed so much to his former triumphs, and the Portuguese troops were deprived of the

glory which they would have obtained by bearing their part in the most signal victory of modern times. Their place was to be supplied by Belgians and Hanoverians; no efforts were spared by the enemy to render the fidelity of the former doubtful, and the latter were raw levies. France, on the contrary, had received a tremendous accession of military strength; more than 300,000 prisoners had been restored to her, the flower of her armies, men practised in war, and so accustomed to its license, that Europe was again convulsed, because these wretches were impatient of the restraints of peace, and longed to be again let loose upon mankind. It appeared at first, as if Buonaparte was better prepared for war than the allies, and doubtless he himself thought so, when he planned and accomplished his nefarious attempt. But to the thoughtful observer it was evident that the allies had power as well as justice on their side, and that nothing but disunion (which in this case would have been madness) could prevent their speedy and certain success. Buonaparte had made his attempt too soon; though the armies of Great Britain were taken at a disadvantage, those of the other confederates were in full force; the Cossacks were ready for another excursion to Paris; and it was now perceived in the councils of the allied sovereigns, as it had been felt from the beginning in the hearts of their subjects, that their vengeance had been incomplete, and their former work but half done.

The conspirators who brought back Buonaparte knew that foreign and civil war would be the inevitable result; and yet, foreseeing and calculating upon this, they committed the crime! La Vendée instantly rose in arms: had the usurper's road lain through that part of France, an end would have been put to his career. But the soldiers were every where in his favour, and only in La Vendée was there that principled and passioned loyalty which makes men expose themselves to any danger rather than by their outward acts belie the feelings of their heart and conscience; the people were ready to struggle and suffer for the Bourbons there, because their fathers had struggled and suffered in the same cause. The general state of feeling was of a very different complexion.

The commercial part of the community, and the gentry who had survived the Revolution, wished the legitimate government to continue, the one from hereditary principle, the other because their interests were inseparably connected with the preservation of peace, and the endurance of a system under which the industry of the country would have a free course: the adventurous and the profigate, the more ambitious spirits who aspired to marshalships, dukedoms, and principalities, and the coarser spirits of kindred mould, who desired nothing more than free quarters, and an exemption from all other law, as the reward of their military obedience, were zealous for Buonaparte; in the peasantry, and the great body of the people, there was a heartless and ominous indifference; they desired to be at rest, but they cared not under whom: in Paris this temper was mingled with that levity which characterises and disgraces the nation; they danced and sang to compliment Louis, and they danced and sang to compliment the Emperor Napoleon.

The former system of Buonaparte had been too bad even for this depraved and degraded nation. Buonaparte himself dared not attempt to re-establish it, such as it was in the days of his prosperity; a monstrous compromise was made with the remains of the various factions; a legislative body was assembled, and the French once more were amused with a new constitution, being the tenth. There were in the new legislature men who had assisted in framing the former nine, who had sworn to all, and now took the oath to the tenth. Buonaparte, who knew the worthlessness of these things, and only submitted to it because he was compelled to court the Jacobins for a time, endeavoured to make a merit of this folly. "For three months past," said he, "circumstances and the confidence of the people invested me with unlimited power. At this moment the most anxious wish of my heart is accomplished; I have just commenced the constitutional monarchy. Men are too feeble to secure the future: institutions alone fix the destiny of nations. This labour will recommend the present epoch to future generations." And he told them that he was anxious to see France enjoy all possible liberty! A few persons in England were

besotted enough to believe him; and, as foolish girls have supposed that a reformed rake makes the best husband, they seemed to imagine that nothing could be so fit for a constitutional king as a reformed tyrant. We were told that “we were about to commence a crusade against the French,—a war against a whole people for the sake of a single man;” that “the allied powers, even before the struggle was begun, regretted their rashness, their infatuation;” “that Buonaparte had 600,000 men in arms, and would carry the war into the enemy’s country.” It required no gift of prophecy to perceive that he would attempt this, and that troops might be assembled in France, sooner than they could be collected upon its frontier from the Vistula and the Danube. But never were exertions made with more unanimity, or greater promptness, than by the allies on this momentous occasion. Their sense of the danger was well expressed in a state-paper, wherein the King of the Netherlands announced that he had made the Duke of Wellington Field-Marshal of the United Netherlands, and required the consent of the States to employ the militia upon foreign service.

“Means of defence for the moment,” it was said, “are insufficient: our duty extends farther. That we ourselves may live without perpetual and intolerable apprehensions; that we may transmit to following generations the guarantee of the national prosperity and independence, it is necessary that this tyranny be overthrown, and this system of deceit and usurpation, inseparable from the existence of the tyrant, be in his person for ever destroyed.”

The shallow politicians, whose cuckoo note respecting France and Buonaparte was always the same, inveighed loudly against the error which the allies had committed, in not securing the friendship of King Joachim Murat, by guaranteeing to him his kingdom of Naples; and they declaimed, with edifying indignation, upon the injustice with which that worthy personage had been treated. Justice had, it must be confessed, been lamentably disregarded in this transaction,—King Joachim would otherwise have been sent to Madrid, to be executed on the Prado, on the anniversary of the second of May. These

politicians, equally sagacious as statesmen and as moralists, were silenced, when it was proved, that Murat had treated with the allies for the purpose of more effectually serving Buonaparte, if opportunity should occur, and of securing himself, "whatsoever king might reign." His threatened diversion in Italy was no otherwise felt than as it encouraged the allies, by proving how easily that power is overthrown which has no root in old institutions, nor in the hearts and minds of men. It scarcely interrupted the advance of the Austrians from Italy. A second Austrian army meantime drew toward the Upper Rhine; on the Lower Rhine the Russians and Bavarians were to enter; the Prussians assembled in Flanders to cooperate with Wellington; and the Spaniards, whose armies had taught the French to respect them, prepared to cross the Pyrenees. Thus threatened on all sides, Buonaparte's only hope was to strike a blow which should intimidate the allies, and break up the alliance; on former occasions he had found this policy successful, and he now avowed his intention of opening the campaign on the Meuse and Sambre, and breaking the centre of the allies. Thus to make his plans public was in the spirit of his military policy: if the enemy did not believe him, he took them unprepared; if they did, the confidence which it implied would be likely to depress them, as much as it encouraged his own troops. Blucher and Wellington were neither to be deceived, nor intimidated. They would willingly have been the assailants, but the allies were to move simultaneously on all points; the enemy had necessarily the advance in his preparations, and he had the advantage not only of attacking *when*, but also *where* he pleased. They could not, therefore, venture to weaken one part of the long line which they occupied, for the sake of strengthening another, and thus were sure that wherever the attack was made it would be with a great superiority of numbers.

The French never took more pains to inflame the ardour and increase the confidence of their troops. The minister of the interior announced, that Louis had reduced the army to 175,000 men, but that Buonaparte had already added 200,000 to its amount, and that before August it would be half a million, exclusive of the national guards.

Buonaparte himself, at his first review, assured the troops that if the allies brought 600,000 against him, he would oppose them with two millions. On the 31st May, when the grand melo-drama of the new constitution was exhibited in the Champ de Mars, after the swearing and the Te Deum (a frightful mockery!) were over, he delivered the eagles to the troops, and they swore to defend them. "And you, soldiers of the imperial guard!" said he, "you swear even to surpass yourselves in the campaign which is about to open, and to die rather than allow the invaders to dictate laws to your country!" And if this were not sufficient to stimulate them, Carnot moved, in order, as he said, to add to the glory and enthusiasm of the armies, that they had deserved well of their country;—a motion which called forth the proper remark, that as yet they had not done anything fresh to distinguish themselves.

The enemy, who were very desirous of exaggerating their numbers before the battle, have been not less solicitous to diminish them since the event. Fortunately there are good grounds upon which to compute the force that was assembled upon the Sambre and the Meuse. There were five corps of infantry, amounting, upon an average of 24,000,* to 120,000. Of the infantry of the imperial guard (30,000 in all), 20,000 at least may be supposed to have been with Buonaparte, these being the flower of all his forces, on whom he could more especially rely. We have thus 140,000 foot. In cavalry they were very strong: Ney had four divisions of 2000 each; and Buonaparte had with him, on the 16th, a great variety of heavy and light horse, not to be computed at less than 18,000,—26,000 in all. The sum, therefore, is 166,000 men; and, adding no more than 4000 artillery, the French army was 170,000 strong. Buonaparte commanded in person, with Marshal Soult for his Major-General. The ex-king of Westphalia, now dwindled into Prince Jerome, commanded on the left. Marshal Ney was in the centre, and Marshal Grouchy on the right. The five corps were

* Reille allows his corps to have been 25,000, previous to the 16th June, when the English demolished 4000 of them; and Ney says, that a corps and a quarter of another might be from 25,000 to 30,000 men.

under Generals Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and Lobau. Marshal Mortier, who should have commanded the young guard, was confined to his bed, at Beaumont, by rheumatism.

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, under Generals Ziethen, Bulow, Borstel, and Thielman; Prince Blucher commanding, with Count Gneisenau for his quarter-master-general. Three of these corps, with cavalry and artillery, are estimated at 80,000, in the battle of Ligny; and Buonaparte afterwards rates one corps, which had been thinned in number at that battle, at 15,000. The full force of the Prussians may, therefore, be reckoned at 100,000.

The Duke of Wellington had under his immediate command a motley army, of which the British part did not exceed 33,000. The German Legion, which may be esteemed equal to our best troops, amounted to 7000. There were about 20,000 Hanoverians, raw levies, but who had been trained by British officers, with great care, during the two preceding months; 10,000 Brunswickers, whose fidelity and courage were not doubted, and who proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader; and about as many Belgians and Dutch, who were not so well to be relied on. Of the whole force, which may thus be computed at 180,000, about half were good troops, and half tolerable. According to this estimate, the allied armies in Flanders amounted to 180,000; the French opposed to them 170,000; the trifling difference in numbers was more than compensated by the composition of the French army, which consisted wholly of veteran troops of one nation; and by the advantage which they possessed, of choosing their point of attack.

In the second week in June, the French army began to concentrate about Maubeuge and Avesnes: this indicated an intention of entering Belgium at that point where the left of the British army joined to the right of the Prussians, of separating the two armies, and taking possession of Brussels, which, if the attempt were successful, would be open to the invaders. On the 14th, Buonaparte issued an address to his soldiers from Avesnes, choosing that day because it was the anniversary of the battles of

Marengo and Friedland, and, as he said, had twice decided the destiny of Europe,—these phrases of deciding or fixing the destiny of nations he had used so often, for the purpose of deluding those who are imposed upon by senseless words, that he probably repeated them on this occasion without perceiving the absurdity that they involved.

“Then,” said he, “as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes whom we left on the throne! Now, however, coalesced among themselves, they would destroy the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us march then to meet them! Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, who are now so arrogant, you were one against three; and at Montmirail, one against six! Let those among you, who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries which they suffered! The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to lend their arms to the cause of princes, the enemies of justice and of the rights of all nations: they know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, it must devour the states of the second rank of Germany! The madmen! A moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with steadiness, victory will be ours; the rights, the honour, the happiness of the country will be re-conquered! For every Frenchman, who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish!”

Among the qualities by which this man is distinguished, his effrontery is not the least remarkable. He, who thus talked of the independence and the rights of nations, of the protestations and oaths of princes, of unjust aggressions, of compelling soldiers to fight in a cause which

concerned them not, of sacrificing inferior states and devouring men by the million, was Buonaparte, the Ali Buonaparte of Egypt and of Jaffa, the Emperor Napoleon, who had trampled upon the independence of all nations; who had made treaties only for the purpose of more securely destroying those with whom he treated; who had sent to the slaughter not Saxons, Belgians, Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Rhine alone, but Poles, and Mamelukes, and Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, and Neapolitans; men of all climes and countries; of all conquerors the most restless, the most perfidious, the most insatiable, the most prodigal of blood. It was observed too, at the time, and by the French, that he had in this proclamation committed the gross folly of complimenting the British; when, enumerating the enemies of France, he reminds his soldiers of their victories over all other nations of Europe, of the British he could only say, that they maltreated the *prisoners* whom they made from France. The charge was false, notoriously false; but it was true that the best understood relation which the French army bore to the British, was the relation of prisoners to their conquerors.

His first attack was directed against the Prussians. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ancy, and Haunut; at any one of these points the whole army might be united in four-and-twenty hours. The movements began upon the side of Fleurus; ground upon which Jourdan won that military reputation over the Austrians, which he lost to the English at Talavera and Vittoria. Leille commenced the attack by driving in the Prussian posts upon the Sambre, at three in the morning of the 15th. General Ziethen had collected the first Prussian corps near Fleurus, and, according to the French, was defeated with the loss of 2000 men and five pieces of cannon; they themselves losing only ten men killed, and eighty wounded. Certain it is that the Prussians suffered severely, but they are not men to be destroyed in the proportion of twenty to one in battle. Charleroi was taken by the enemy, and Buonaparte made his head-quarters there. The French continued their march along the road from Charleroi towards

Brussels, and, on the same evening, attacked a brigade of the Belgians, and forced it back from Frasne to the farm-house, on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras, because at that farm the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other.

Blucher had intended to attack the enemy as soon as possible; and, with this intent, the three other corps of his army had been directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Flenrus, where Thielman and Borstel were to arrive on the 15th, and Bulow on the following day. The Duke of Wellington's army was between Ath and Nivelles, which would enable him to assist the Prussians, in case, says their official account, the battle should be fought on the 15th. The Duke knew that Buonaparte had collected some force behind the Sambre; he thought it probable that he would unite in that quarter several corps which were in the act of moving in different lines; he felt convinced, that if Napoleon assembled the army in this position, Brussels must be his object; and he knew that there were three distinct roads by which he might push forward on Brussels. Buonaparte might come on the side of Namur, or of Charleroi, or of Mons; the British army was therefore stationed near Brussels, in a smaller circle concentric with the frontier line, and ready to be collected in any of the three directions that Buonaparte might take; but the Duke further considered it as most *probable* that Buonaparte would advance by Charleroi, and, therefore, the army, though ready to be moved to either of the other roads, was principally concentrated towards this. On the night of the 15th, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick, and Lord Uxbridge, with many other officers, were present; there they received the intelligence that the work of death was begun; and many of our officers, who were dancing till midnight, were, within a few hours, in action, and received their death-wounds in their ball-room dress. In the midst of the festivities, the bugle sounded, and the drum beat in Brussels. In less than an hour the troops began to assemble in the park; they received four days' rations; and at four in the morning, Sir Thomas Picton's division

marched towards Namur. General Picton himself had arrived from England that very night. In the first uncertainty of the enemy's intentions, the march of our divisions was directed upon Nivelles, Brain le Comte, and Enghein, according to the situation of their cantonments; but as soon as the movements of the French were ascertained, the whole army was ordered to march upon Les Quatre Bras. Early in the morning, the Prince of Orange, reinforcing the brigade which had been driven from thence, had regained part of the ground, and commanded the communication, leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Blucher's position.

The Prussian army was at this time posted upon the heights between Bry and Sombref, and beyond the latter place, and occupied, with a large force, the two villages of St. Amand and Ligny, in front of those places. Both these villages are situated upon a small stream flowing through flat meadows; it is called the Ligny in the official accounts, but is too small and insignificant to have obtained a name upon the spot. The left wing of the French, under Ney, was at Frasne, opposite to the British at Les Quatre Bras; the right, under Grouchy, was in the rear of Fleurus. "The general opinion in France," Marshal Ney tells us, "and particularly in the army, was, that Buonaparte would first turn his attention solely to the destruction of the British army;" and for this, he assures us, "circumstances were very favourable, for Lord Wellington would have been taken unawares and unprepared." Buonaparte thought otherwise: having reconnoitred Blucher's position, he changed front about noon, and marched his right and centre upon St. Amand and Ligny. The fact is, that at this time, whatever course Buonaparte had decided upon taking, his situation, as assailant, would have enabled him to have taken either of the allied armies at an advantage; a great part of Lord Wellington's troops, and his cavalry in particular, having a long way to march, had not arrived, and the Prussians also were without a fourth part of their force; Bulow, who was stationed between Liege and Haunut, not having yet come up. Buonaparte is censured by Marshal Ney for not having attacked the two armies separately; "the

English army," he says, "if it had been attacked with his whole force, would undoubtedly have been destroyed between Les Quatre Bras and Genappe; and that position, which separated the two allied armies, once in his power, would have given him the means of outflanking the right of the Prussians, and crushing them in their turn. A corps of observation," he thinks, "would have sufficed to hold the Prussians in check while Buonaparte was demolishing the British." The best players are frequently mistaken in the game of war; and perhaps the best general has sometimes trembled to look back upon the faults which he has committed. Marshal Ney's censure of Buonaparte seems to be well founded; but it is very unlikely that all the results expected by the Marshal would have ensued. The Duke of Wellington is not in the habit of permitting his army to be demolished; and moreover, it must be remembered, that old Blucher was not a man to be held in check by a corps of observation, while his allies were seriously engaged; and that Buonaparte, by the plan which he pursued, obtained a signal, though not a decisive, advantage.

Indeed, the superiority of numbers with which he attacked the Prussians might have seemed amply sufficient, even to a general less confident and less presumptuous. He brought up not less than 110,000 men against 80,000. First, about three in the afternoon, they attacked the village of St. Amand, and, after a vigorous resistance, carried it; their efforts were then directed against Ligny. Ligny is a large village; the houses well built with stone, but roofed with thatch. Here the contest was maintained with the utmost obstinacy for five hours; there was little room for manoeuvring; the main struggle was in the village itself, each army having, behind that part which it occupied, great masses of infantry, who were continually reinforced from the rear, and from the heights on both flanks. There were several farm-houses in the village, enclosed with walls and gates; these were occupied as so many fortresses by the Prussians, and the French, notwithstanding their superior numbers, were four times driven out. About two hundred cannon from both sides were directed against this unfortunate village, and at length

it took fire in many places at once. Sometimes the battle extended along the whole line. About five, the Prussians, with Blucher at their head, recovered St. Amand, which had been twice lost and won, and regained the heights of La Haye and Little St. Amand. At this moment, Blucher might have profited by his advantage, if Bulow's corps had arrived ; his right wing could then have charged with good prospect of success. But the march of this corps had either been miscalculated, or the nature and state of the roads had not been taken into the account. From the Duke of Wellington he could receive no assistance, for as many of his troops as had come up, were themselves perilously engaged with superior numbers. As evening advanced, the situation of the Prussians became more hopeless ; there were no tidings of Bulow ; the British division could with difficulty maintain its own position at Les Quatre Bras ; the whole of their own force had been brought into action, and the French began to derive that advantage which fresh troops, and a great



superiority of numbers secure, when armies are equal in discipline and in courage. In this emergency, Blucher

had nearly closed his long and illustrious life. A charge of cavalry, which he himself led on, failed ; the enemy pursued their advantage, his horse was struck by a musket ball, and galloped more furiously from the wound till it dropped down dead, and Blucher was entangled under it, and stunned by the fall. His own people did not see him ; the last Prussian horseman passed by, and there remained none with him but an adjutant, who, with an honourable self-devotement, alighted to share his fate. Happily, in the eagerness of pursuit, the enemy passed him by ; they were, in their turn, repelled by a second charge, and in their retreat, passed him a second time, with equal rapidity ; then, and not till then, he was extricated from under the horse ; and immediately he mounted another.

Had this excellent veteran been recognized by the enemy, they would probably have butchered him. The hatred between these two nations is of the deadliest kind ; France had inflicted the deepest wounds upon Prussia ; in her hour of victory she had trampled upon the Prussians, plundered, outraged, and insulted them : and Prussia, though as yet she had retaliated none of her wrongs, had taken full revenge. Blucher was especially hated by the French, because no general, except our own, had so long, and so determinedly resisted them. It has been said, that the corps of Generals d'Erlon and Vandamme had confederated, and hoisted the black flag ; whether or not this were done, it is certain the French gave little quarter in this action, and that the Prussians asked for none. When the night was closing in, a division of the enemy's infantry, favoured by the darkness, made a circuit round the village unobserved, and took the main body of the Prussians in the rear. Some regiments of cuirassiers, at the same time, forced the passage on the other side. The Prussians, though defeated, were not dismayed ; they formed in masses, repelled all the attacks of the enemy's cavalry, retreated in such order that the French did not deem it prudent to pursue them, and formed again within a quarter of a league from the field of battle. Their loss was little short of 20,000 men. The people of the village, who had the best means of judging, affirm that that of the French was greater. No prisoners

were made, except those who were left wounded on the field. Fifteen pieces of cannon were taken.

Marshal Ney, meantime, with all the rest of the French army which had come up, amounting at the very least to 40,000 men, attacked the British at Les Quatre Bras. There had been much skirmishing about this point during the whole of the morning; the main attack was made after three o'clock. The Brunswick corps and the fifth division had happily arrived, and maintained the position with the most signal intrepidity, under the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir James Kempt, and Sir Dennis Pack. The Prince of Orange was at one time surrounded; a battalion of Belgians delivered him; he took off the insignia of his order, and threw it among them, saying, "Children, you have all deserved it!" They fastened it to their colours on the field of battle, amid cries of "Long live the Prince!" They swore to defend it till death, and many actually fell while they were pronouncing the oath. Picton was wounded—but knowing how much was to be done, he would not mention his wound, lest he should be hindered from being present in the subsequent actions; and it was not till after his death that this wound, so heroically concealed, and dressed only with a piece of a torn handkerchief applied to it in secret by Thomas Picton himself, was discovered. The Duke of Brunswick, in the ardour of battle, rashly exposed himself amidst the fire of small arms,—a musket ball went through his bridle-hand, into his belly, and entered the liver; he died in a few minutes. Greatly and deservedly was the Duke of Brunswick lamented; in the worst days of Germany his spirit had been unsubdued; and the heroism which he displayed in 1809, after the battle of Wagram, would alone entitle him to an honourable place in history. In this action, which was neither less obstinate, nor (in proportion to the forces engaged) less bloody than that of Ligny, the French had many circumstances in their favour. They were not only superior in numbers, but they were comparatively fresh, whereas the allies had been marching from the preceding midnight. The fields were covered with corn, growing as high as the tallest man's shoulders; availing themselves

of this, and of an inequality of ground, they posted a strong body of cuirassiers so as effectually to conceal them ; and the 79th and 42d regiments were thus taken by surprise. The former, which suffered most severely, would have been destroyed if the 42d had not come up. Forming itself into a square, it was repeatedly broken, and as repeatedly formed again. Of this regiment, which was 800 strong, only ninety-six privates and four officers are said to have come out of the field unhurt. Generals Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland, and Byng successively arrived, and the troops maintained their ground till night.

Bulow's corps arrived during the night at Gembloux. At day-break Thielman fell back in that direction from Sombref, where he had retained his position, and the first and second corps retreated behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Marshal Blucher determined to concentrate his army upon Wavre. This movement, of which the Duke of Wellington does not seem to have been previously apprised, rendered it necessary for him to fall back also. He had travelled through this part of the country at a time when there was no appearance that hostilities would be so soon renewed, and seeing every thing with a soldier's eye, had observed, that were he ever to fight a battle for the defence of Brussels, Waterloo was the ground which he would choose. This was an additional instance of that infallible foresight and tact, which is the highest quality of a great captain ; it is also a full and victorious answer to all the criticisms which we have heard on the Duke's measures previous to the battle ; all of which, it now appears, only tended to bring the contest to the very ground, which he had long before selected as the theatre of his glory. The retreat began about noon on the 17th, and was well covered by the cavalry and horse artillery. A large body of French cavalry, headed by lancers, followed with some boldness, especially at Genappe, where the little river which runs through the town is crossed by a narrow bridge. But the pursuit was not vigorous, and this corps of lancers paid dearly for their temerity ; they were actually *ridden down* by a column of our heavy cavalry, and all perished. The state of the weather and the soil prevented the enemy from acting upon the flanks

of our columns ; a storm from the south-west had come on, with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, and rendered the fields knee deep in mud. Between five and six in the afternoon the whole army had reached the ground appointed. The position which the Duke of Wellington occupied, was in front of the village and farm of Mount St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the little town of Waterloo, on rising ground, with a gentle declivity in front. It crossed the high roads from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly at the point where they unite. The right was thrown back to Merke Braine, near Braine la Leude ; the left extended on a ridge above Ter la Haye, a hamlet which was strongly occupied : both wings were so posted as to derive all advantage which the



nature of the ground would allow. The left wing communicated with the Prussians by a road leading to Ohain. A walled mansion called Hougoumont was in front of the right centre, and in front of the left centre, a farm called La Haye Sainte. The position was good for the country, which affords no strong ones ; but the British army and the British generals had driven the French

from positions in the Pyrenees, and being accustomed to attack and defeat the enemy on some of the strongest situations in the world, they required no vantage ground when it was their turn to be attacked themselves. Lord Wellington wrote to Marshal Blucher that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the Prussians would support him with two corps. Blucher promised to come with his whole army; never was there a man from whom such a promise could be better relied on. And he proposed, if Buonaparte did not begin the attack, that the allies should, with their whole united force.

Brussels, where hitherto so little apprehension of danger had been felt, that its customary occupations and pleasures were not intermitted on the very eve of the contest, was now in a pitiable state. Distant as the field of battle on the 16th had been, one letter says that the roaring of the cannon made the city shake; and the expression will not appear hyperbolical to those who recollect the sensation which is produced by the discharge of distant artillery; a sensation which is rather felt than heard. In the evening the cannonading seemed to approach nearer, though there had been no change of position; the British had kept their ground at Les Quatre Bras, and the Prussians, though defeated at Ligny, not being disordered, had not been pursued; but in the stillness of evening the sound was more distinctly perceived. This deception increased the alarm of the inhabitants; and early on the morning of the 17th, some runaway Belgian cavalry came galloping through the town, as if the French were in close pursuit; the men with the baggage began to hurry off, the panic spread, and travellers, and those who had the means of removal, taking flight, spread the news that the allies had been defeated. When this agitation was allayed, by the receipt of certain intelligence, a more afflicting scene ensued. The inhabitants were called upon to send bedding, lint, old linen, &c. for the hospitals. The wounded began to arrive;—many had died on the way, and some only reached Brussels to expire at their own doors. The body of the Duke of Brunswick passed through during the night; the people deeply lamented him for his personal

qualities, (which, being such as became his illustrious birth, derived lustre from his station;) for the gallant



actions which he had performed, and the hopes which were thus for ever cut off. This sorrow would be felt throughout Germany, but at Brussels it was remembered that on the preceding night he had been sharing in the festivities of the place, and left the city for the field of battle, full of life and ardour. The despondency became greater, when it was known that the Duke of Wellington had fallen back to Waterloo. A retrograde movement bears with it so many symptoms of defeat—it is so often the consequence of an overthrow—or the prelude to one, that the inhabitants of a great city may well be excused,

for interpreting it in the worst sense when they had every thing at stake.

The French, on their part, exaggerated their advantages, and gave way to all the insolence which of late years has characterized them in success. Marshal Soult, in a despatch to Davoust, minister of war during the usurpation, did not scruple to announce, that the emperor had succeeded in separating the allies' line. "Wellington and Blucher," said he, "saved themselves with difficulty: the effect was theatrical; in an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy was routed in all directions." It was announced at Paris that his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon was to enter Brussels the day after this glorious action, in which the general in chief, Wellington, had been compromised. Another despatch, published with great pomp in the *Moniteur*, said, "the noble lord must have been confounded! Whole bands of prisoners are taken; they do not know what is become of their commanders; the rout is complete on this side; and I hope we shall not hear again of the Prussians for some time, even if they should ever be able to rally. As for the English, we shall see now what will become of them! The emperor is there!"

Notwithstanding these boasts, the French had failed in their chief object; they had not, as Marshal Soult asserted, succeeded in separating the line of the allies; and the actions of the 16th, severe as they had been, were but preludes to the dreadful drama which was now to be represented. The junction of Bulow's corps had made the Prussians as strong as they were before the late engagement; Lord Wellington's army, having lost about 5,000 in killed and wounded, may be computed at 75,000, the united forces, therefore, would amount to 155,000; and the 170,000 of the French having been diminished 10 or 15,000, the armies now to be brought against each other were not unequal in numbers.*

* Before we enter on a review and statement of the several accounts which have been given of this great battle, it is proper to observe the extreme difficulty of collecting accurate details of events of this nature. When, after the victory of Aumale, in which Henry the Fourth was wounded, he called his generals round his bed to give him an

The rain, which had continued heavy throughout the night, began to abate about nine in the morning, when

account of what had occurred subsequently to his leaving the field, no two could agree on the course of the very events in which they had been actors; and the king, struck with the difficulty of ascertaining facts so evident and recent, exclaimed, "Voilà ce que c'est que l'histoire!"—If there is any fact on which one might expect the unanimity of the witnesses, it would be the precise hour at which the action commenced. It must have been notorious to every man in both armies; and there could exist no motive on either side for misrepresentation; and at Waterloo, where the whole of each army was visible, there could be no possibility, one should have thought, of mistake; and yet nothing can be more various and discordant than the statements on this point, with regard to the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington and Blucher say, that the battle commenced about *ten*; General Alava, who never quitted the Duke's side during the early part of the action, says *half-past eleven*. Drouet and Buonaparte concur in stating *twelve*, and Ney dates the commencement at *one*. The difference must be between preliminary skirmishing and the serious attack, and at such times men are more likely to speak by guess than from observation.

A very minute and careful examination of all the accounts of this battle, and an actual survey of the ground, enables us to pronounce, that, next to the Duke's own report, published in the London Gazette, which traces in the clearest manner, the *great* features of the transaction, the relation of General Alava is the most able and accurate of all that we have seen. Buonaparte's official account, which General Drouet endeavours to corroborate, is full of obscurities, contradictions, and mistakes—probably unintentional; for instance, they talk of having obtained possession of the houses in the village of Mont St. Jean: whereas, in fact, this village was quite in the rear of the British position, and no French soldier could have come within half a mile of it; and it is evident that it was the farm of the Haye Sainte, in front of the British centre, and on the declivity of the *heights*, called Mont St. Jean, that the French occupied.

Ney's account is limited to his own share in the action, and appears to be tolerably accurate; and in those parts in which it is at variance with Buonaparte's, we are inclined to side with Ney.

The account published under the name of Lieutenant-General Scott is a wretched catchpenny—"a thing of shreds and patches;" we presume some poor scribbler has usurped the style and title of a general officer, to set off his trumpery ware.

In the report of General Gneisenau, we have the report of a man who combines every requisite for the task. It was natural that he should dwell minutely on the Prussian details. As for the libellers in the Rhenish Mercury, who attempt to depreciate the merits and glory of the Duke of Wellington, and endeavour to support their calumnies by the authority of this official paper,—their conduct will only excite the contempt of the British army, and the indignation of the Prussians.

Buonaparte, whose head-quarters that night had been at Planchenois, a farm some little distance in the rear of the French line, and about fifteen miles from Brussels, put his army in motion. The position which they occupied was on a ridge immediately opposite to that of the British, at a distance varying from 1,000 to 12 or 1,300 yards. Their right was on the heights in front of Planchenois; their centre at a little country tavern and farm, famous from that day in history, for its appropriate name of La Belle Alliance; their left leaning on the road to Brussels from Nivelles. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the imperial guards in reserve upon the heights. Grouchy and Vandamme had been detached toward Wavre against the Prussians; and the sixth corps, under Count Lobau, with a body of cavalry, was in the rear of the right, ready to oppose a Prussian corps, "which," says the official French account, "appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to threaten to fall upon our right flank." Buonaparte had obtained information of this, and it was confirmed by an intercepted letter from one of the Prussian generals: but of the strength, temper, and disposition of the Prussian army he seems to have been woefully ignorant. Reversing, however, his plan of the 16th, and perhaps considering Blucher as in no state to renew the contest, he directed the great body of his force against Lord Wellington, thinking to bear down the British army by dint of numbers. He brought, therefore, against their 75,000, three corps of infantry, and almost all his cavalry, amounting with artillery to not less than 110,000 men, 40,000 more being in reserve, or awaiting the Prussians on the right.

The two points of the greatest importance in the British position, were the farm of Hougoumont, with its wood and garden in front of the right, and that of La Haye Sainte in front of the left. In the early part of the forenoon the French army was paraded almost as if Buonaparte thought to intimidate his opponent by the display of so formidable a force, and about noon, or a little earlier, the action began by a furious attack upon Hougoumont: Soult and Ney attacked it with one corps, and the French came on with their usual shouts and their usual impe-

tuosity. This point Lord Wellington had strengthened as much as possible during the night: a detachment of the Guards was stationed there, and the garden and wood were lined with Nassau troops as sharpshooters. These troops disputed the ground gallantly, and when they were compelled to retire under cover of the house, the Coldstream and the Third drove back the enemy. Within half an hour 1,500 men were killed here, in an orchard not exceeding four acres in extent. Great efforts were made by the assailants: they surrounded the house on three sides, and they set it on fire with shells, and burnt a great part of it nearly to the ground. But they were compelled to desist from the attack, and fresh English troops recovered the wood. Throughout the day the enemy made repeated efforts in great force to obtain possession of this important point, but it was defended with the utmost gallantry to the last. Artillery on both sides was directed against this wood, and almost every tree bears marks of the tremendous conflict; their branches shattered and the trunks pierced. Generations, and perhaps centuries hence, the woodman, when he feels his axe strike upon the imbedded balls, will remember Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

This attack upon Hougoumont was accompanied by a very heavy fire, from more than 200 pieces of artillery, upon the whole British line, and under cover of this fire, repeated attacks were made, first by infantry only—then by cavalry only—and lastly and principally by cavalry and infantry together. One of these latter was so serious, and made with such numbers, that General Alava says it required all the skill of the British commander to post his troops, and all the courage and discipline of his soldiers to withstand the assailants. This was the attack on Sir Thomas Picton's division, and in which that gallant officer fell. The duke himself happened to be in this part of the field at that moment. The French advanced up to a hedge (the only one in the country, and which gives its name to three or four neighbouring hamlets) which extends along the heights where the British left was placed—some of our foreign corps, who were posted behind this hedge, gave way; but the duke moved up some

British troops, and the enemy was driven off with immense loss. It was at this time Sir Thomas Picton fell :



at the moment when the enemy, astonished at seeing their charge met in this manner, fired and retreated, a musket ball struck his right temple, went through his brain, and passing through the skull on the opposite side, was retained by the skin. A helmet might probably have saved the life of one of the most distinguished and gallant officers in the British service. Indeed, the enemy, in this action, found the full advantage of defensive armour, which we, strangely as it would seem, have not yet adopted. The French cuirass is made pigeon-breasted, so that, unless a musket ball be fired very near, it is turned off, and it is kept polished, that the ball may more readily slant aside; the hinder part fits the back; they are stuffed with a pad, fasten on with a clasp, and are put on and off in an instant. The weight of the whole is about sixteen pounds, not enough to occasion any inconvenience* to an able-bodied man. The men who were thus

* In one of the compilations concerning the battle of Waterloo, it is observed, in vague and incorrect language, that wounds received through the cuirass prove mortal. Fuller the Worthy has an allusion

armed were the flower of the French army : it was required that they should not be less than six feet high, that they should have been twelve years in the service, have served in three campaigns, and maintained a good character. Their horses were proportionably good. Thus armed, and thus mounted, they possessed a most important advantage over the British troops, the great points of weight and strength in our cavalry, having been sacrificed for the sake of activity and display ; the error had been felt in Spain ; it was still more severely felt at Waterloo. The enemy had another advantage, in the use of the lance, the most formidable, if not the most efficient weapon, with which a horseman can be armed, as had been proved to our cost at Albuera.

The attack, in which General Picton fell, proved fatal also to Sir William Ponsonby. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, and checked their charge. Accompanied by only one aid-de-camp, he got into a ploughed field, where his horse stuck ; he was badly mounted, for he had not expected to be in action so soon, and his own charger was not arrived. A body of lancers approached him with full speed ; these men have always distinguished themselves by their barbarity : Sir William saw his death was inevitable, for the horse was incapable of extricating himself, but he hoped the aid-de-camp might escape, and taking out the picture of his lady, and his watch, was in

to this in his sermon, entitled the "First Reconciler;" where, speaking of the danger and impolicy of using weak arguments in a good cause, he says, "It is better to fight naked than with bad armour ; for the rags of a bad corslet make a deeper wound, and worse to be healed, than the bullet itself." But it should be remembered that the bullet which drives broken armour into the body, would certainly make of itself a severe, if not a mortal wound, and that many more shots must glance off from a cuirass than can possibly enter it. The obvious question may be asked, why defensive armour should ever have been disused, if it were really advantageous ? It was probably laid aside as larger trains of artillery were brought into the field, and battles were chiefly decided by cannon. But contending powers soon attain to an equality in these things, and battles now, as in old times, depend essentially upon the physical strength of the men, and still more upon what is familiarly called *bottom*. When, therefore, the sword, the lance, and the bayonet are in use, it seems a natural consequence that the helmet and cuirass should be resumed.

the act of delivering them to his care, when the enemy came up and speared them both. The brigade revenged



their commander so well, that the Polish lancers were almost entirely cut to pieces before the day was over. Two eagles were taken in this charge ; two of those imperial eagles which had been given to the French troops only seventeen days before in the Champ de Mars, and which, in sight of the people of Paris, they had sworn to defend, and to perish, if necessary, in defending them. The bearer of one had well performed his oath ; it was defaced with blood in the struggle, and the eagle was severed from the pole by the cut of a sabre. These standards were inscribed with the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and Wagram. It has been a matter of surprise to some, why more eagles were not taken ; the reasons are, first, that the number of eagles is very small ; each regiment has but one eagle, though it has four battalions, so that in our army there are eight colours for the same number of men to whom one eagle is assigned ; secondly, it appears from the Order Book of one of the French regiments which was picked up on

the field of battle, and is now before us, that the eagles had not been generally distributed to the army, and that only a few favoured regiments had yet had them ; and thirdly, it is surprising that one eagle ever should be taken, for they are purposely made portable, and easily detached from the staff ; and it is a practice of the French, with that mixture of rhodomontade and meanness which characterised them under Buonaparte, to boast that they had secured their eagles when the staff and the colour were abandoned, and the eagle itself was in the pocket of some runaway ensign.

It was only on the left of the centre that the enemy obtained a temporary success ; some light troops of the German Legion had been stationed in the farm of La Haye Sainte ; the French succeeded in occupying the communication between them and the army, and when all the ammunition of the besieged was expended, they carried the farm-house, and, it is said, put every man to the bayonet. This enabled them, about two o'clock, to occupy a small mound on the left of the road near where the *hedge* joins the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and just opposite the gate of the farm, and from this position they never were dislodged till the grand advance of the British army about seven in the evening. The battle continued with the most desperate intrepidity on both sides, Buonaparte continually bringing forward his troops in considerable masses, and the British and their allies resolutely resisting them. The Duke of Wellington was everywhere; always where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire and front of the danger, he was seen, as Waller says of Lord Falkland,

— exposing his all-knowing breast
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:

Never were his exertions more needful ; sometimes he was rallying broken infantry, sometimes placing himself at the head of formed squares. No man indeed ever had more confidence in his troops, or did more justice to them. “ When other generals,” he has said, “ commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten ; when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it.”

The men, on their part, amply returned the confidence which they so well deserved. "Bless thy eyes!" said a soldier in Spain when Lord Wellington passed by him for the first time after he had returned from Cadiz to the army, "bless thy eyes, I had rather see thee come back than see ten thousand men come to help us!" On this day both men and leaders were put to the proof; none of their former fields of glory, many as they had seen together, had been so stubbornly contested, or so dearly won. All this while there was no appearance of the Prussians; and well as the British army stood its ground, many an anxious eye was directed towards the quarter from whence they were expected.*

Blucher had put his army in motion at break of day. The corps of Borstel and Bulow were to march by St. Lambert, occupy a position there under cover of the forest near Fritschermont, and take the enemy in the rear when the moment should appear favourable. Ziethen's corps was to operate on the right flank of the enemy by Ohain, and Thielman to follow slowly, and afford succour in case of need. But the two first of these corps had been placed on the east side of the river Dyle, at Wavre; they had to cross by a narrow bridge; and to add to the delay which this necessarily occasioned, the houses in the street leading to it were on fire, so that the infantry passed with difficulty, the cavalry and artillery with still greater, and the powder-tumbrils not at all till the fire was extinguished. The passage, too, by the defile of St. Lambert, was far more difficult than had been expected; so that when it was half-past four in the afternoon, only two brigades of Bulow's corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned them. But there was not a moment to be lost, and the general resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. Their way was through the forest of Soigny, which extends over many leagues of country, and from whence Brussels is

* It is, however, due to historical truth to declare, that we have been personally assured by an eye-witness of the highest authority, that he himself had seen the Prussians in the wood, close to our extreme left, as early as two o'clock, though it was six or seven before they advanced so as to operate on the enemy.

supplied with fire-wood. By good fortune the peasant who guided them was a man of more than common sagacity ; and instead of coming out of the forest at Fritschermont, he proposed to descend into the valley lower down, and come out in a direction toward Planchenois, nearly on the French reserve. "Then," said he, "we shall take them all." In the best concerted plans of war, something must always be greatly affected by adventitious circumstances, and the Germans have well observed how much depended on this peasant, who, had he been less disposed to serve the allies, or less intelligent, might easily have led them into a hollow way, where their cannon could not have passed. Buonaparte saw them coming out from the wood, and asked one of his adjutants who they were ; the adjutant, looking through the glass, replied, "They are Prussian colours ;" and Buonaparte, it is said, turned pale, and shook his head, without answering a word.

General Bulow had only two brigades and a corps of cavalry. Count Lobau was stationed on the rear of the French right, to oppose them, and all the means in reserve were ready to succour him, and Buonaparte says, to overwhelm the Prussians when they should advance. Relying upon this disposition, he says, he led an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean ; (by which he means the heights of Mont St. Jean, with a farm of the same name ; the village being, as we have already stated, far to the rear, and on a separate line of hills;) from this effort he expected decisive success, this being, in fact, the vital part of Lord Wellington's position ; but here he accuses the French of a movement of impatience, so frequent in their military annals, and frequently so fatal to them. The cavalry of reserve, according to his account, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English, to shelter themselves from the French batteries, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry ; a movement, he says, which, if made at the proper moment, and supported by the proper reserve, must have secured the victory ; but which, because it was made in an insulated manner, and before affairs were terminated on the right, became fatal. Neither the British nor the Prussian accounts notice any such error ; nor indeed does this state-

ment accord with the remainder of the narrative, which was drawn up under Buonaparte's direction, or by himself. He says, that as there were no means of countermanding this movement, all the cavalry ran to support their comrades ; that for three hours numerous charges were made, several squares of the British were broken, and six standards of light infantry taken ; that the Prussians in their flank attack were first kept in check, and then repulsed by General Duhesme, with the young guard ; and that finally they fell back ; they had exhausted their forces, and on that side there was nothing now to fear. This was the moment for an attack upon the British centre ; it was made ; and he proceeds to say “ the day was won, the French occupied all the positions which Lord Wellington held at the beginning of the contest, and after eight hours' fire and repeated charges of foot and horse, all the army saw with joy that the battle was gained, and the field in their power.” But unluckily the British army were not of the same opinion ; they did not know when they were beaten ; and, making an unceremonious attack upon their rejoicing enemies, the French, Buonaparte fairly confesses, took fright and ran away. Now, as the battle was won before this accident of the panic, it is palpably inconsistent to attribute its loss to the movement of the cavalry, three hours before the English thus unaccountably recovered—what in reality they had never lost.

Buonaparte's narrative is evidently drawn up for the purpose of excusing himself as a general, and thus palliating a defeat, the extent of which he could neither deny nor extenuate. The truth is, that, acting as he always has done, he set every thing upon the hazard. He is a general who has done great things with mighty means ; and thinking that his means were now also fully adequate to the occasion, he attempted to bear down all resistance by an overwhelming attack, neglecting, or scorning to reflect, upon what must be the consequences of failure. So confident was he of success, that messengers were despatched from the field to announce it. On the day of the battle it was telegraphed to Boulogne, that the emperor had gained a most complete victory over the united British and Prussian armies, commanded by Wellington

and Blucher. A bulletin extraordinary was published at Lisle, stating that the emperor himself, setting the example in the war, had fired the first carbine, and had had a horse killed under him ; that his astonishing victories of the 15th, 16th, and 17th, were exceeded by this of the 18th, in which he had taken 30,000 prisoners. One account announced his entrance into Brussels ; and another said that the cannons were roaring from the ramparts of the French fortresses to celebrate that event. Buonaparte had indeed invited Marshal Ney to sup with him that night at Brussels ; and at six in the evening he is said to have remarked to him, that they should yet arrive there in good time to keep their engagement. His proclamations to the Belgians upon his victory were printed, and dated from the palace of Laeken. The sale of a "dying speech" in England has sometimes been spoiled by the reprieve of the criminal. This criminal's disappointment was of a different kind ; he had prepared every thing for victory, nothing for defeat. Certain it is, however, that he did every thing for victory which man could do ; and that his officers and men seconded him with ability and energy worthy of a better cause. His great object, his only hope, his sure means of success was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arrive in any force ; he therefore made a perpetual repetition of attacks with horse and foot, supported by the whole of his artillery. It was one of those efforts by which he has more than once decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as tremendous a cannonade as ever was witnessed upon a field of battle, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the choicest of his guards with his reserves, and made an attack upon our centre, which, if it had been possible to quail the spirit of a British army, would have proved successful. Our cavalry was driven to the rear of our infantry : our advanced artillery was taken. Every battalion was instantly in squares, and though the French cavalry repeatedly charged, not a square was broken. More than once did Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance upon the steadiness of the men, and ready to stand or fall with them. The troops advanced by

echelons to cover the guns. On arriving nearly at the line which their cavalry had occupied, the French infantry appeared, and it became necessary for some battalions to deploy, though almost surrounded by the enemy's horse. For about an hour the conflict at times appeared doubtful : the carnage which ensued was such as the British army had never before experienced. Shocking as the slaughter was, it would have been much greater had it not been for the state of the ground, which was thoroughly soaked with rain ; for although this, by preventing dust, afforded better aim to the artillerists, many shots never rose after they touched the ground, and none bounded so often as they would otherwise have done : and the shells frequently buried themselves, and, when they exploded, threw up the mud like a fountain.

This continued for about one hour, though Buonaparte would make us believe that the French cavalry had stood their ground in these tremendous circumstances for *three* hours ; a manifest impossibility. The fact, as it did occur, is sufficiently surprising, for the French cavalry were on the plateau in the centre of the British position, between the two high roads, for three quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. It was now that the Duke advanced his squares forward to recover and protect the guns ; he recalled to the centre the cavalry which had been detached to the flanks, and the French cavalry was at length driven off. After this, and till seven in the evening, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre, so frequent and so close to one another, that it was impossible to distinguish them. About seven, Buonaparte made a last and desperate effort to force the left of the centre of the British army near La Haye Sainte ; he made it with cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery ; and the more to encourage the men, he deceived both them and their generals. Labedoyère, whom he had made a general and a count, for that treason which has since received its due, but not its appropriate punishment, brought a message to Marshal Ney, from Buonaparte, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived, and was attacking the enemy ; this intelligence he spread among

the soldiers, as he rode along the lines. However politic it might have been to raise the spirits of the soldiers by this delusion, Ney very naturally expresses his indignation at discovering that Grouchy was far distant, and that the troops who had arrived were enemies instead of friends. The attack, however, was made, and for a few moments, but only for a few, with hope. The first brigade of guards advanced to meet the leading division, and poured in so well directed a fire, as literally for a time to make a chasm in it. Ney led the attack : he has disgraced his country and himself by the most abominable cruelty and the most aggravated treason ; but on this day he performed all that could be required from a soldier and a general ; and he says that officers and men displayed the greatest intrepidity. General Friant fell by his side, his own horse was killed, and he fell under it. This would have been too honourable a death for the Marshal Prince of Moskwa, who might fitly superadd the name of Iscariot to his titles. He, however, who knew that if there were to be any punishment inflicted for the foulest crimes, he himself must stand in the first rank of offenders, did not shrink from danger ; sword in hand, he remained on foot ; and he appeals to those who survived the battle, if he was not among the last to quit the scene of carnage. This attack had been made with what was called the middle guard ; the young guard was on the right with Lobau ; the old guard, hitherto untouched, was in reserve at the bottom of the ascent, up which the middle guard charged ; when the latter were routed, a cry, say the French accounts, was heard, " All is lost, the guard is beaten :" this seems natural, and is probably true ; and when the remains of the middle guard in their flight threw themselves into the ranks of the old guard, it was impossible but that some disorder must have ensued even in the ranks of those tried veterans.

Blucher, as well as Ney, had been apprised of Grouchy's movement, but more truly. About six o'clock he was informed that Thielman had been attacked near Wavre by a superior force, and that they were disputing possession of the town. This intelligence did not disturb the veteran general ; he well knew that the battle must be

decided at Waterloo, not at Wavre; any thing which might happen there was of little moment; and he therefore steadily pursued his course. At half-past seven the whole of Borstel's corps, and part of Bulow's, had successively come up, and *at this time* it was evident that Buonaparte's attack upon the British, the last effort of fury and despair, had failed. Ziethen's first column at this time also arrived on the enemy's right flank near the village of Smouhen, and instantly charged. As the Prussians passed our left columns in their advance, they cheered them with that exultation which the determination and sure hope of conquering inspired, and all their bands played God Save the King. Wellington perceiving their movements, and seeing the confusion of the enemy, took that great and decisive step which has crowned his glory and saved Europe. He advanced with the greatest celerity the whole line of his infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery; he put himself at the head of the foot guards, spoke a few words to them, which was answered by a general *hurrah*, and then, he himself guiding them on, the attack was made at all points, and in every point with the most perfect success. The Prussians soon after rushed forward on the enemy's right, at the *pas de charge*, and made their attack under the most favourable circumstances; their troops descended into the plain, and formed into brigades in the greatest order, and fresh bodies continually unfolding themselves issuing from the forest on the height behind. Even if the British army had not repulsed the enemy, assailed him, and already driven him to flight, this movement of the Prussians would have been decisive; it must have forced the French to retire; if they had succeeded in their efforts against Lord Wellington, it would have prevented them from profiting by the success; but being made at a moment when the British had secured the victory, it rendered that victory complete beyond all expectation, all hope, almost it might be said beyond all former example. "*Save himself who can,*" was the cry in Buonaparte's army. A total rout cannot be more fully acknowledged than it is by his own account. "*A complete panic,*" he says, "*spread at once through the whole field of battle;* the men threw themselves in the

greatest disorder on the line of communication ; soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point ; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion ; all the soldiers of all arms were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder ; and such was the confusion owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a battle which *had been* terminated, a day of false manœuvres which *had been* rectified, the greatest success which *had been* ensured for the next day, all were lost by a moment of panic terror." There is an unfortunate grammatical error in this part of the statement ; Buonaparte speaks of all these things in the *plusquam perfectum* tense, whereas he should have used the imperfect. The sentence, however, which thus speaks of a battle that was terminated before it was over, and of success which was certain, but never came to pass, is yet of material value in one point of view, for here he distinctly states that the previous false manœuvres had been rectified, and thus completely contradicts his own prior assertion, that the loss of the battle was occasioned by the premature advance of the cavalry of reserve.

Buonaparte's station during the battle had been upon the Charleroi road, at the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, a little to the right of the middle of the French position. In the early part of the day he had reconnoitred the ground, and directed the movements from a sort of scaffolding, observatory, or telegraph, which had been erected for some ichnographical purposes ; but he afterwards seems to have remained personally at La Belle Alliance. — "There," says General Gueisenau, "he gave his orders ; there he flattered himself with the hopes of victory, and there his ruin was decided." Towards this farm, which, because of its elevated situation, was visible from every side, the march of all the Prussian columns was pointed ; and there, when night had closed in, and the rout of the enemy was complete, Blucher and Wel-

lington met in the pursuit, and congratulated each other as victors. In commemoration of the alliance then subsisting between the British and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their confidence in each other, Blucher desired that the battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance. The British general, finding himself on the same road with this excellent veteran, left the pursuit to him, on account of the fatigue of the British troops, who had then been twelve hours in action, and who were by no means fresh when the day began. Blucher assured Lord Wellington that he would follow the enemy through the night. He assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit,—welcome orders, and obeyed as heartily as they were given. The British army then halted, formed on the hill, and gave the Prussians three cheers as they passed; a moment which all who were present will remember as having given them the sublimest emotion of their lives. The pursuit could not have been delivered over to better hands; the enemy had deserved no mercy from the Prussians, and they found none. Both on this day, indeed, and on the 16th, the conduct of the French had been brutal. An English ensign, a youth of seventeen, being taken in the first action, was led to Buonaparte, who asked him if he thought he could overtake the British army before they embarked for England. This youth was sent to the rear of the French troops, where he was stripped almost naked, and severely beaten, when he remonstrated; and when at length getting sight of the general who commanded the division, he claimed his protection as a British officer, the ruffian answered, "We will treat you all in the same manner." Their lancers speared many prisoners in cold blood; and when one of our most lamented officers received a wound, and fell senseless, and probably dead, from his horse, a Frenchman stepped out and beat his head with the butt end of a musket. Thus insolent, thus brutal, thus inhuman in success, they were equally treacherous and abject in defeat; many threw down their arms and surrendered, then, watching their opportunity, took them up again and fired at those who spared them. Some of these

villains were deservedly sabred ; and the Prussians, during the night, took ample vengeance for their loss on the 16th, and for the cruelties which the French had then exercised.



The confusion of this rout is represented as ludicrous by those who witnessed it, when they recollect it apart from its horrors. One letter says, “ We were among infantry, imperial guards, and others with large fur caps, who were throwing down their arms, and many of them roaring *Pardon!* on their knees.” “ Our brigade,” says another, “ darted into a medley of lancers, cuirassiers, infantry, dragoons, guns, &c. ; such a scene ! I can hardly help laughing at the recollection. They were fairly cowed ; great hulking cuirassiers, galloping as hard as they could, tumbling off to save themselves.” The strength and stature of these men which made them so formidable in battle, the moment they were tainted with fear made them appear contemptible ; the very advantages upon which they prided themselves in their courage, making cowardice more conspicuous. Here were to be seen cavalry throwing themselves off their horses, in the hope that they might better evade pursuit on foot ; and in another place the foot soldiers were dismounting the cavalry, that they

might mount and ride off themselves. At Salamanca, night and darkness saved the French after their defeat; but the moon rose upon the field of La Belle Alliance, and in broad moonlight the Prussians kept up the chase. The French were now routed beyond redemption,—“The road,” says General Gueisenau, “resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who were foremost in the flight, and did not expect to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time; presently the Prussians were upon them, and thus they were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they seemed to recover courage when beholding only their own numbers, and made a show of maintaining themselves; but when they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, the blast of which was dreadful, their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. Eight hundred of their bodies were found lying here, where “they had suffered themselves” (it is a German who speaks) “to be cut down like cattle.” General Duhesme, who commanded the rear guard, fell in this place. A black hussar of the Duke of Brunswick’s corps sacrificed him to his master’s memory. “The Duke fell yesterday,” said the Brunswicker, “and thou shalt also bite the dust;” and so saying he cut him down.

The British army on the preceding day had experienced the inconvenience of crossing the narrow bridge at Gemappe, though theirs was a leisure movement, made in excellent order, and with the spirits of the men unchanged. The French had now to cross it in the utmost confusion of haste and terror. Buonaparte, whose first thought in danger had been how to secure his own personal safety, rode off with his staff, and a Walloon peasant, who lived near La Belle Alliance, whom he ordered to guide him by a bye-road to Charleroi. There is a bridge over the Dyle, at a village not far from Gemappe; Lacoste, being perhaps as much confounded by the events of the day as the Emperor Napoleon himself, and somewhat also by the company in which he found himself enlisted, did not

remember this bridge, so he led the runaway Emperor to Gemappe, where the waggons were wedged sixteen deep upon the causeway ; and they were an hour and a half before they could make way through the press. Buonaparte effected his flight through this town about half an hour after midnight. The fugitives made their last attempt at rallying here ; they entrenched themselves with cannon and overturned carriages, and commenced a brisk fire of musketry when the Prussians approached ; some cannon shot, followed by a loud hurrah, sufficed to frighten away all thought of further resistance ; and the flight and pursuit were continued with increased fear on the part of the enemy, and unrelenting ardour on the part of the conquerors. Buonaparte's carriage, with his hat and sword, and papers, and the insignia of all his orders, were found at Gemappe. His travelling library also was taken, consisting of nearly 800 volumes, in six chests : among these books were a French Homer, a French Ossian, the Bible, and the Pucelle of Voltaire ! The spoils which were lying along the road tempted the Prussians, and abated their speed, otherwise, it is said, that scarcely a man of the beaten army could have escaped ; as it was, the pursuit was not given over during the night. The loss of the enemy was great, even beyond that at Leipsic ; they stopped not in their flight till they had passed all their fortresses ; the allied armies passed them also, and when Buonaparte, after having excited the French armies to rebellion, and led them for the third time to destruction, reached the capital, he brought with him tidings of this total and irreparable defeat, and that Blucher and Wellington were on the way to Paris !

The French army were never more skilfully directed than in this memorable action, and never had they fought so well. They had, indeed, every motive of which such men are susceptible, for exerting themselves to the utmost ; the pride of former victories, shame and indignation for late defeats, and the bitterest hatred of the enemies to whom they were opposed ; nations whom they had wronged, and outraged, and insulted, and despised ; and by whom they had been beaten, and humbled, and forgiven. Only by success could they justify to their own

countrymen the audacious enterprise in which they were engaged ; only by success could they legitimate the government of the usurper, for whom they had foresworn themselves ; only by success could they hope to escape the penalties of treason and rebellion. Victory would give them every thing ; their old supremacy, their old renown, their old days of military license, of rapine, and free-quarters, would be restored ; their leader had told them that the moment was arrived for every Frenchman, who had a heart, to conquer or to perish. And it might have been thought that in this instance he would have acted up to his professions ; that however he might on former occasions have braved public opinion by flying from his armies in their utmost need, he would now at least have played the man, and perished bravely in the ruin which he had brought upon himself and his adherents. But Buonaparte's spirit has nothing of the heroic character ; the love of life with him is stronger even than the love of empire ; he clings to the carcass like a shipwrecked sailor to a plank in the ocean, because, like the sailor, he knows into what an abyss he must sink when that miserable hold can no longer be maintained. He was, therefore, among the foremost in the flight. Marshal Ney assures us that *before the end of the battle* he had disappeared ; but the soldiers performed their part better ; it was not until the defeat was irreparable that they fled, and till every effort of skill and courage, and fury and despair, had been exhausted. The British troops were no novices in war ; yet they who had witnessed the bloody conflict at Albuhera, and the murderous assaults at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian's, never beheld such slaughter as at Waterloo. The loss of the British and Hanoverians there, and on the 16th, amounted to no less than 13,000 men, and 750 officers ; a proportion which evinces how obstinate and perilous must have been the conflict ; of these more than two-thirds must have fallen at Waterloo. The Prussian loss we have no grounds for computing ; at Waterloo it could not have been great, because they were scarcely engaged before Ziethen's arrival consummated the defeat of the enemy. On the side of Wavre, where Thielman was attacked by Grouchy and

Vandamme with superior force, it must have been greater. The whole loss of the Prussians, from the commencement of the campaign till their triumphant entrance into Paris, has been officially stated at 38,000. But the loss of the French in the last great battle, and the rout, exceeded that of all the allies in the whole campaign, twice told. A wide and sweeping destruction overtook them; a vengeance as signal as their crimes. Many of the prisoners had been at Leipsic, but this, they said, was much worse; *nous sommes écrasés*, was their remark. Blucher's* expression, in his first despatch, was, that the whole French army was in a state of perfect dissolution. Even this was not hyperbolical; their baggage, equipage, tumbrils, artillery, the whole of what is called the *matériel*, were taken. They began the day 160,000 strong, and by their own account, when the wreck of the army had collected and united with Grouchy's corps, they did not amount to 60,000!

The state of the field of battle is too dreadful for description. Let us rather relate such facts as are honourable to our nature, and mitigate and relieve these horrors. It has been said in the French papers, that the British soldiers exerted themselves to form litters, and carry off the wounded French from the field. Some of our wounded, who had still the use of their limbs, employed themselves in binding up the wounds of their enemies, and administering to their wants: and in Brussels, people of the first rank attended the wounded night and day. And it marks, in the most gratifying manner, the good conduct of the British army, while quartered in Brussels, previously to the battle, that the inhabitants sought with the greatest anxiety, among the wounded, for their former guests, and took them to their houses and their care, as *old friends*. It marks, too, the character of the different nations, that among the pillage of the dead, French novels

* A letter which he wrote on the day after the battle, to his lady, begins very characteristically: "My dear wife, you well know what I promised you, and I have kept my word. Superiority of numbers forced me to give way on the 17th, but on the 18th, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end at once to Buonaparte's dancing."

are enumerated, (we know of what description!) and German Testaments. The enemy's cannon was brought triumphantly into Brussels, ornamented with ribands and flowers: some bore the cypher of Louis XVI., others had the words "Liberty and Equality;" the greater number had the mark of Napoleon. The joy of the Belgians may well be conceived; however averse they might be to the arrangement which united them to the Dutch,—a Catholic to an heretical people,—nothing could be so desirable in its immediate effects as such a victory, which saved them from the license of Buonaparte's army, his contributions, and his conscriptions, and relieved them at the same time from the presence of the allied armies. They were flattered also by the part which they had borne in the success, and the manner in which the Prince of Orange had signalized himself; he had behaved with distinction in Spain, and had now added to his former renown, but not without receiving a severe wound. Throughout the north of Germany, wherever the heavy hand of France had been felt, (and whither had it not extended?) the people exulted as much now when their deliverance was secured, as they had done in the preceding war, when it was first obtained. At Hamburgh, it is said, such universal joy had never been displayed, as when the news of the victory arrived: a public thanksgiving was appointed; a collection in the churches was made for the sufferers; and on the day which had been thus set apart for the duties of religion and charity, the tomb of Klopstock was restored, which Davoust had thrown down, as if in hatred toward the senseless dust of him, who had endeavoured to make the Germans feel as a nation, and to keep alive in them the love of freedom and of their country.

The feeling which this battle produced in England, will never be forgotten by the present generation. Accustomed, as we were, to victory, upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen; confident, as we were, in our general and in our army; even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamt not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed, at the time,

to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poictiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which victory had been obtained, appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors; there the multitude of the enemies had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption. Blenheim had been less stubborn in the conflict, less momentous in the consequences; and all the previous actions of our great commander, from Vimiero, or from Eastern Assye, to Thoulouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs. Heavy as was the weight of private sorrow which it brought with it; severe as was the public loss in the fall of Picton and Ponsonby, and of so many others, the flower of the British youth, the pride and promise of the British army; still we were spared that grief, which on a former occasion had abated the joy of the very multitude, and made thoughtful spirits almost regret the victory of Trafalgar. The duke's aides-de-camp, men endeared to him by their long services in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him, fell, killed or wounded, one after another. Of those who accompanied him during this "agony of his fame," his old friend, the Spanish General Alava, was the only one who was untouched either in his person or his horse. At one moment when the duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much; the duke answered, with his noble simplicity, "I know I am, but I must die or see what they are doing."

The first consideration, when joy and astonishment admitted leisure for it, was how to express our sense of this great exploit, how to manifest our gratitude to the army and its leader, how to discharge our obligation—the mighty debt which was due to the living and the dead. There remained no new title for Wellington; from his knighthood to his dukedom, he had won them all; there remained no new distinctions of honour, he had exhausted them all: but the parliament added two hundred thousand pounds to its former munificent grant, in order that a palace, not less magnificent than that of Blenheim, might be erected for the general who had surpassed the achievements of Marlborough. The merits of the army also

were properly estimated, and the rewards, as they ought to be, were extended to every rank, and every individual. Every regiment which had been present, was permitted from thenceforth to bear the word "Waterloo" upon their colours; all the privates were to be borne upon the muster-rolls and pay-lists of their respective corps, as Waterloo-men; and every Waterloo-man allowed to reckon that day's work as two years' service in the account of his time for increase of pay, or for a pension when discharged. The subaltern officers were in like manner to reckon two years' service for that victory; and a benefit not less important was on this occasion extended to the whole army, by a regulation, enacting, that henceforward the pensions granted for wounds, should rise with the rank to which the officer attained, so that he who was maimed when an ensign, should, when he became a general, receive a general's pension for the injury which he had endured. These were solid, substantial benefits, such as the army had well deserved, and as it became the government to confer. More was yet due, and the legislature were not slow in expressing the universal feeling of the nation. They decreed that a national monument should be erected in honour of the victory, and in commemoration of the men who fell: and, upon the suggestion of Mr. Williams Wynn, it was determined, that the name of every man who had fallen should be inscribed upon this memorial of national glory and public gratitude. Mr. Wynn suggested also, that a medal should be given to each of the survivors, of the same materials for officers and men, that they who had been fellows in danger might bear the same badge of honour. And to show how deeply the sense of honour will act upon the minds of brave men, in however a humble situation, he related a fact, which we repeat here, because it cannot be too generally known. After the battle of the Nile, a gentleman caused a medal to be struck in honour of that action, and, at his own expense, gave it to every man in the victorious fleet. Some of these men, common sailors, have been known, after many years, when dying upon a distant station, to make it their last request that this medal should be sent home to their friends. Let us hope that what was then done by a liberal

individual, may now be done by a wise and grateful government; and if the medal should be given to all the allies who were in the field that day, its moral influence would be such, that few subsidies would ever have been so well bestowed.

Lord Wellington described his own feelings, after the battle, in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom he had the painful task of communicating a brother's death. "I cannot," he said, "express to you the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the losses the country and the service have sustained,—none more severe than that of General Sir William Gordon. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you. But I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt will remain that our exertions will be rewarded by the attainment of our first object; then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen, may be some consolation."

Language like this is, indeed, honourable to him from whom it proceeded. Lord Wellington spake from his heart. This victory had been too severely purchased to bring with it any of that exhilaration, with which victory is usually accompanied; the friends with whom he had so often rejoiced after victory, had fallen by his side, and during the greater part of the ensuing day he was in tears. But his expectations of the result were not fallacious. The allied armies moved upon Paris, where the proceedings of the ephemeral government evinced how little ability there was to resist their progress. The tyrant, who had twice returned to that capital alone, after leading armies to destruction, seems to have imagined, that he might for a third time depend upon the servility and patience of a degraded and deluded nation. Upon his arrival he informed his Chamber of Peers that he had come to Paris to consult with the minister of war upon the means of restoring the *materiel* of the army, and to consult with the Chambers on the legislative measures which circumstances required. The Chamber of Peers declared itself permanent; they declared that any attempt to dissolve them was a crime of high treason; that whoever might

render himself guilty of such an attempt would be a traitor, and should immediately be condemned as such ; and they decreed that the army had deserved well of their country ! La Fayette also moved the same absurdities, saying, " that for the first time the Chamber then heard a voice which the old friends of liberty might yet recognise, that this was the moment to rally round the old tri-coloured standard, that of 1789,—that of liberty, of equality, and of public order." The old friends of liberty did indeed recognise his voice, but they recognised it with sorrow ; the restoration of the Bourbons had given to France as much liberty as she had contended for in 1789 ; more, far more than she deserved—more, far more than she was capable of enjoying ; it had restored also that foreign and domestic peace, that peaceful industry, that public order, which the tri-coloured standard had banished. One member proposed a solemn declaration, that the French nation renounced for ever all conquest, and all offensive and ambitious war ! That they would never again take up arms but for the defence of their territory, to avenge the outrages committed against their dignity, if reparation could not be obtained by means of negotiation, or for the defence of an ally unjustly attacked. The scenes which ensued remind us of the disorders, the squabbles, and the absurdities of the National Convention ; doubtless, we should ere long have been reminded of the ferocity and madness of that Convention also, if the victorious army had not been at hand. Emboldened by that thought, one speaker ventured to call for the abdication of the emperor, several voices seconded the motion ; and Buonaparte, whose obstinacy had sent tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands to destruction, was found as pliable, as usual, when his own personal safety came in question. Still, however, confiding in his partisans, and in the heterogeneous assemblies who were implicated with him, when he gave in his own abdication, declaring that he offered himself as a sacrifice to the enemies of France, and that his political life was terminated, he proclaimed his son Emperor of the French, by the title of Napoleon II. This subterfuge was but coldly received ; and when Lucien Buonaparte, whom this measure would have placed in the situation

which he most coveted, supported it, he was reminded that he was not a Frenchman, and had no right to deliver an opinion upon the subject, having none to a seat in that assembly. The person who supported it with most vehemence was Labedoyère. The abdication, he observed, was indivisible; meaning, by this French phrase, that it was conditional, and became void unless the young Napoleon were admitted to the succession. He said "that if the assembly would not acknowledge the son, the father ought to keep the sword in his hand, surrounded by the soldiers;" and he proposed that every Frenchman who quitted his colours should be declared infamous, that his house should be rased, and his family proscribed. "Then," said he, "we shall have no more traitors." So natural is compassion to an English public, that Labedoyère was pitied when he received the punishment due to his treason and rebellion; but the sentiments which he delivered on this occasion, show that he was ready to renew the horrid scenes which Westermann and Turreau and Rossignol exhibited in La Vendée; and little mercy did that man deserve who had thus avowed his own determination of showing none.

But these hell-hounds had had their day. The allies advanced upon Paris, and the Buonapartes absconded, hoping, as it appears, to try their fortunes in America. But the British fleet completed the work which the British army had begun: the fallen tyrant fled from our armies to the coast: he found it so closely watched by our ships, that it was impossible to escape; and no alternative remained but to fall into the hands of the legitimate government, or throw himself upon the mercy of the English. He chose the latter part; and it is not necessary, in sketching the life of Wellington, to relate in what manner justice was defrauded of her due. Meanwhile the wreck of the rebel army, under Grouchy, effected their retreat into Paris, where Davoust was appointed to the command. The allies were close in pursuit; they invested Paris; and Wellington and Blucher, by a military convention, allowed the rebel army to march out with all its *materiel*, artillery, baggage, &c. and take a position behind the Loire. Beyond a doubt these great commanders would

have compelled them to an unconditional surrender, but they wished to spare Paris a second time, and not to confound the innocent with the guilty. The convention was merely military ; every thing political was left to the king. The day after the city was taken possession of by the allied troops, Louis entered, and the people danced and sung to welcome him, as they had danced and sung, three months before, to welcome Buonaparte.

The British nation had now seen Paris taken by a British army ; and if all that we had wished had been the gratification of national pride, and the exaltation of the British name, that wish would abundantly have been fulfilled. Our part was performed ; well and gloriously had we performed it ; it remained for the legitimate government to do the rest, and never was there a moment when the punishment of the guilty appeared to be so certain. The course was plain for Louis to have pursued, if he would restore peace to France, give security to Europe, and remain in safety and with honour upon the throne of his ancestors. A vigorous policy was required ; the more vigorous the more merciful. The axe was in his hand, and the Upas tree might have been destroyed, root and branch. Compassion in such cases is fatuity. Justice and mercy required the same course : policy and morality were never more entirely in unison : the interests of the sovereign and the people of France and of Europe were the same. The most guilty of the tyrant's accomplices, to the number of fifteen or twenty, should have suffered death. The officers of the rebel army, as low as the rank of colonel, should have been banished for life, and scattered over Siberia ; the army itself disbanded, and a new one raised in La Vendée, and those parts of France where the popular feeling could be trusted. Had this been done, the allies would have needed no other security from France ; it has not been done, and that security which they would gladly have received from her good-will, her fair intentions, and her wise measures, they must exact from her weakness, or the whole work will be, for a third time, to be done again.



